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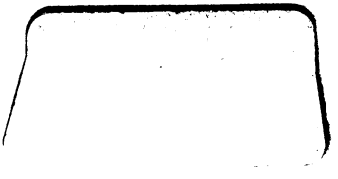

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Graves, Richard

SENILITIES;

OR,

Solitary Amuſements:

IN PROSE AND VERSE:

WITH

A CURSORY DISQUISITION

ON THE

FUTURE CONDITION OF THE SEXES.

BY THE EDITOR OF "THE REVERIES OF SOLITUDE,"
"SPIRITUAL QUIXOTE," "COLUMELLA," &c.

LONDON:
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TO

SIR RICHARD COLT HOARE, Bt.

AS A GRATEFUL ACKNOWLEDGMENT

OF REPEATED CIVILITIES,

WHICH THE AUTHOR HAS RECEIVED

AT STOURHEAD;

AND AS A SLIGHT MEMORIAL

OF THE MANY HAPPY HOURS WHICH

HE HAS BEEN PERMITTED TO ENJOY

IN THOSE ELYSIAN SCENES,

THIS MISCELLANEOUS VOLUME

IS INSCRIBED,

BY HIS MUCH-OBLIGED,

HUMBLE SERVANT,

THE EDITOR.

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THE

PREFACE.

In the reign of Charles II. when the Clergy would preach two hours at a ſtretch, "and *make nothing* of it;" as ſoon as the preacher perceived his ſoporific eloquence begin to take effect; in order to rouſe the languid attention of his audience, and give them hopes of a ſpeedy releaſe; he would exclaim with great emphaſis, "*Once* more and I have done!" Of this

He has always been more inclined to panegyric, than to ſatyr: and having an habitual tendency to rhyming, unfortunately contracted in his youth, every incident, pleaſing or diſpleaſing; every civility, or every ſlight from a great man; a faſcinating ſmile, or mortifying neglect, from a beautiful woman; every accidental circumſtance of this kind, will ſet his fancy to work as mechanically as a freſh gale puts the ſails of a wind-mill in motion. Yet this propenſity has rarely been indulged, unleſs in his morning rides; which he is under a neceſſity of taking daily, on account of his health.

But, after all, I am afraid it will be ſaid, and with ſome degree of truth, that

that a conſiderable part of his life has been paſſed in *doing* wrong things, and *making* apologies for them. But what Pope ſays of Poets in general, may be applied on the preſent occaſion.

" Yet, Sir, reflect: the mischief is not great;
" These madmen never hurt the Church or State:
" Allow him but his plaything of a pen,
" He ne'er *rebels* or *plots* like other men."

The greateſt detriment to the Public in this *alarming* dearth of paper, is the unneceſſary conſumption of that article; which might be ſo much better employed in philoſophical or political pamphlets; to combat the religious prejudices and ſuperſtition of a *bigotted* age; and to diſſeminate the principles of *Liberty* and *Equality*;

and

and reſtore men to their *Natural Rights*; and free them from the arbitrary *reſtraints* impoſed upon them by the *Laws* of Society.

The preſent ſcarcity of bread indeed, is beneath the attention of a philoſopher or a poet; (they have been inured to a ſpare diet and ſcanty meals) but a dearth of paper! is an awful conſideration: it ſtrikes at the very exiſtence of their ſublime ſpeculations. It muſt at leaſt deprive the world of the benefit of their lucubrations; and eventually reduce men again to a ſtate of ignorance and barbariſm!*

* See Dr. Brown's ingenious Eſſay on this ſubject.

To conclude: As a young Author ſometimes claims indulgence for his *firſt* performance, on account of his *youth*; The Author of this Farraginous Collection, deprecates the ſeverity of criticiſm for this his *laſt* production, on account of *his advanced age*; being above twenty years paſt his grand climatrix.

However, I would bequeath this advice to the juvenile part of my acquaintance.

My young Friends! Avoid bad company, gaming, ſabbath-breaking, and—writing verſes:

An Octo-Genarian Scribbler.

THE

CONSOLATION

OF

NEGLECTED VIRGINS:

OR,

A CURSORY DISQUISITION

ON THE

FUTURE CONDITION OF THE SEXES.

WITH A REFERENCE TO

DR. PRIESTLEY'S OPINION OF THIS SUBJECT.

INTRODUCTION.

I REMEMBER an itinerant profeſſor of the medical art, who, from a pure diſintereſted regard to the welfare of his fellow-creatures, frequented the markets of a provincial town, to heal maladies of every kind, without fee or reward; except a mere trifle to defray the expence of his travels. But his chief delight and ſubject of triumph was to cure the blind, and thoſe who had been pronounced *incurable* by the *regular* practitioners of the healing art.

A poor old man, who had been totally blind for many years, was willing to avail himſelf of this common bleſſing ſo liberally beſtowed: the artiſt, after putting him to conſiderable torture for ſome time, told him,

at length, "Honeſt man, if you had but *two* films over your eyes, I could cure you; *but* you have *three*—and, therefore, though you will never recover your ſight in this world, you will *ſee* again in the next." The poor man thanked the Doctor for his kindneſs, payed his ſixpence, and withdrew with perfect reſignation to his fate.

Such, I confeſs, is in ſome meaſure the only *conſolation* which I have to offer to thoſe unhappy females, whom the injuſtice, or want of diſcernment, in our faſtidious ſex, has deprived of the comforts of conjugal endearment, and the tender regards of their natural ſupporters and protectors. The conduct, however, which I ſhall here take the liberty to ſuggeſt, will, I truſt, if adopted, contribute greatly to their comfort and happineſs, even in this life; as well as qualify them for that more perfect bliſs which is reſerved for them hereafter.

SECTION

SECTION I.

No one, who has not been ſeduced by the impious ſophiſtry of this ſuperficial Age of Reaſon, and conſiders, with due attention, the infinite goodneſs and wiſdom of the great Creator of the univerſe, can poſſibly believe that he would produce ſuch a creature as man, endued with a capacity to judge of, and appreciate the goodneſs and juſtice of his Maker, with an inſatiable thirſt after happineſs, indefatigable in the purſuit of knowledge, and capable of improving his faculties to an indefinite extent; who, after having laboured up the ſteep aſcent of virtue and ſcience, ſhould be ſuffered to drop at once into the gulph of eternal oblivion; deceived, and even defrauded, as it were, of the reward of his labours.—From this moral argu-

ment alone, then, a future ſtate of exiſtence is, I think, demonſtrable.

But, if we extend our inquiries beyond this life, and attempt to inveſtigate the particular circumſtances of that ſtate, our ſpeculations muſt neceſſarily be merely conjectural, infinitely vague and uncertain. When the drama of life is finiſhed and the curtain dropped, an impenetrable veil precludes any further diſcovery.

From ſome paſſages in the ſacred writings, however, and ſome hints there given, we may reaſon with a degree of confidence on ſome few particulars of that ſtate. With regard to the future condition of the ſexes, for inſtance (the ſubject of this Eſſay) we may form ſome plauſible conjectures.

As the ſanctions of the Moſaic law were only temporal rewards and puniſhments, the ſect of the Sadducees, which conſiſted chiefly of the moſt wealthy, though not, in general, the moſt

moſt learned part of the community, were ſo well contented with the preſent ſtate of things, and found themſelves ſo ſnug and comfortable in their affluent allotment, that they looked no further than the preſent life; and as they were not ſolicitous about it, they affected to diſbelieve a future ſtate of exiſtence.

To inſinuate to the common people, therefore, the inconſiſtency of our Saviour's doctrine with the law of Moſes, they ſuppoſed a caſe of "ſeven brethren, who ſucceſsively married the ſame woman," (agreeably to a precept in the law to that purpoſe,) and, with a ſneer, I ſuppoſe aſked, "whoſe wife ſhe ſhould be in the reſurrection?" To which our Lord replies, that "in the reſurrection they neither marry nor are given in marriage, but are as the *angels* in heaven." Matt. xxii. 30.

From this paſſage the ingenious Dr. Prieſtley (with St. Hilary, and ſome others

others of the primitive fathers) infers, not only that "there will be no *marriages*," but alſo, that there will be no diſtinction of ſexes in heaven. A ſtrange and unwarrantable concluſion! which the Scriptures do not countenance, and our reaſon, or our feelings, at leaſt, revolt at the idea.

St. Paul, indeed, mentions a conſiderable *change* which the human frame will undergo on that awful occaſion: that "it is ſown in corruption, it is raiſed in incorruption, it is ſown in weakneſs, it is raiſed in power," it is ſown a natural, or merely *animal* body, it is raiſed a ſpiritual, or ſpiritualized body: But he no where ſays, that a female body will be raiſed a male, or a male a female body. And if there is to be only one ſex, the ladies ſurely have as good a claim to that excluſive privilege as the men have. Nay, as we are to have bodies of ſome kind or other, and "are to be as the *angels* in heaven;"

heaven;" the fair ſex in their immaculate purity and virgin innocence, certainly approach nearer to our preſent ideas of thoſe angelic beings than the males do.*

In ſhort, "every ſeed," as St. Paul ſays, "will have its own body;" and we might, with as much reaſon, expect a grain of wheat to produce an ear of barley, an acorn an apple tree, or the chryſalis of a butterfly to be tranſformed into an humming bird or a robin red-breaſt, as thoſe to riſe up males who were ſafely depoſited in a female form in the tomb.

But it may be ſaid, "If there are no marriages in heaven, of what uſe can the diſtinction of ſexes be?† As there

* There ſeems to be ſome truth in the poet's remark:

"Angels are *painted* fair to look like you."

† This is a ſubject of more delicacy than the Author fears he is poſſeſſed of. But if he cannot be uſeful, he will, at leaſt, endeavour to be harmleſs.

will

will be no need of any further ſupply of the celeſtial inhabitants."

Thoſe, however, who make this objection, muſt conſider the fair ſex in a very degrading light, as a mere nurſery to ſupply the obitory of the *pleaſure* garden.

But there has generally been acknowledged a *ſectual* diſtinction of ſouls as well as of bodies. The athletic ſtrength and roughneſs of the male ſeems intended to be tempered by the facinating ſoftneſs of the female, heightened by the charms of the more delicate and beautiful form of the latter.

" For valour He and contemplation form'd,
" For ſoftness She and sweet attractive grace."
MILTON.

And though we often meet with men of an effeminate ſoftneſs, and an affected delicacy of manners; and women of a maſculine boldneſs and indelicate ſtyle of behaviour; the ſight is always

always ridiculous and diſguſting. The latter, eſpecially, when they aſpire at excellence in a character for which nature never intended them, neceſſarily defeat their own purpoſe.

It would be the height of preſumption and folly, however, in this age, to deny the capability of the fair ſex to rival the proudeſt of our ſex in intellectual improvements. But when a lady, bleſſed with theſe extraordinary talents, oſtentatiouſly diſplays her knowledge, and contends with, and even defeats an antagoniſt in a metaphyſical diſpute, or any abſtruſe ſcience; we may admire her ſkill and profound erudition, but ſhe is no longer an object of deſire, or of our tender regard.

SECT. II.

Love is one of the ſtrongeſt and moſt delightful paſſions of the human ſoul. By Love I here mean that refined ſentiment of mutual tenderneſs and ardent affection between two perſons of different ſexes, which induces each to conſult the happineſs of the other in preference to their own; and which, I am convinced, exiſts in young minds at leaſt totally diſtinct from ſenſual appetite, or that inſtinctive attraction which tends directly to the perſonal union of the ſexes.

Now, though there will be no marriages in heaven, and we cannot promiſe the hapleſs ſubjects of this Eſſay good huſbands; yet, what is much better, they will find there an hoſt of cordial friends and ſincere lovers. And this delicious paſſion of love, inſtead of

of being reſtrained to a ſingle object, will probably be infinitely extended and exalted into that univerſal benevolence, or *charity*, ſo ſtrongly enforced in the Goſpel. And in our ſpiritualized bodies we ſhall enjoy that refined intercourſe of affection with the whole ſex, which we now experience in the contracted ſphere of the connubial ſtate. And, as ſuch an intercourſe will greatly augment the happineſs of heaven, we can hardly doubt that it will ſubſiſt there, and produce its genuine effect.

It has been abſurdly objected to our religion, that it lays no ſtreſs upon friendſhip, nor on patriotiſm, or the love of our country, but leaves theſe virtues as voluntary duties in a Chriſtian. Yet, ſurely, that divine charity, or univerſal philanthropy, which extends our good-will to all mankind, is far ſuperior to ſuch, partial, contracted attachments, which frequently prove pre-

prejudicial to ſociety, and ſometimes to the individuals ſo connected.

In like manner, it is not improbable that although no one will have an excluſive property in any individual of a different ſex, yet, that there will be an univerſally extended, though not leſs tranſporting intercourſe between them all.

The Sadducees, who put this invidious queſtion to our Saviour, ſaw clearly the confuſion which muſt reſult from the ſuppoſition of ſuch excluſive connections hereafter: and inſtead of the proper inference, that, therefore, there would be no marriages, they perverſely infered, that there would be no *future ſtate*, or *reſurrection:*

The frequent adulteries and divorces in *the preſent* age, would produce the ſame confuſion and embarraſſment, ſuppoſing the adulterors and the injured parties to be admitted to the ſame happy place, and the fair object of

of their attachment to be worth a diſpute. It may be of importance, then, to caution thoſe who may have unawares conceived a fondneſs for a woman who is the property of another, not to forfeit, by indulging an illicit and ſinful paſſion here, all poſſibility of being happy in her ſociety hereafter.

In ſhort, though we muſt not expect a Mahometan paradiſe, we can hardly I think, doubt that there will be ſuch a beatific commerce and reciprocal affection between the ſouls of the good of different ſexes as will conſtitute the chief felicity of heaven.

The exerciſe of the kind affections ſeems ſo eſſential to our enjoyment in this life, that we often ſee thoſe unhappy beings who by ſome accidental circumſtances, though otherwiſe, perhaps, of great merit, have been diſappointed of any opportunity of indulging them on a proper object, we ſee them

them laviſhing their careſſes on lap-dogs, or other domeſtic animals of the brute-creation: but, in the celeſtial regions, every one we meet will be an object of our cordial love and juſt eſteem.

SECT. III.

As a virtuous union of the ſexes then is a ſource of the higheſt enjoyment which this world affords, we cannot but pity thoſe unfortunate damſels, who, as I have obſerved, for want of perſonal attractions, or any other cauſe, are deprived of this common bleſſing. But let them not repine or murmur at their hard lot, nor ſuffer it to ſour their temper, and add a diſguſting moroſeneſs to their countenances. On the contrary, let them cheriſh the mild

mild and benevolent affections, cultivate their minds, and ſtudy the art of pleaſing; which will give them charms ſuperior to the moſt regular ſyſtem of features, or the fineſt complexion. Politeneſs (which is generally no more than an artificial benevolence) has irreſiſtible attractions; and extraordinary mental endowments often make us overlook any perſonal diſadvantages.

Every one knows that Scarron, who repreſents himſelf ſo much diſtorted as to reſemble the letter Z; yet, by his wit and ingenuity, he gained the affections of Madame D'Aubigny, afterwards the celebrated Madame Maintenon; the miſtreſs, if not the wife, of Lewis the XIVth.

Mr. Pope, whoſe ſlender carcaſs was laced up in ſtays like a collar of brawn, and his ſhoulder greatly protuberant, is ſuppoſed to have received marks of tender regard from more than one lady

of diſtinction. As the great Lord Cheſterfield *boaſted* of favours of ſome of the fineſt women in Europe, though more perhaps than he ever received.

And I could mention, at this time, more than one woman of faſhion, whoſe exterior form is by no means proportioned to their mental accompliſhments; who yet have gained, and long retained the affections of men, as amiable in their perſons, as reſpectable in their characters, to whom they have been happily united.

Yet let not my readers of this deſcription found their hopes on theſe leſs frequent examples, but ſeek for conſolation from more infallible ſources. Let them reflect on the peculiar bleſſings which are promiſed to the *meek*, and to the pure in *heart*. To thoſe who are of a gentle diſpoſition, and who preſerve the unſullied purity of their minds as well as of their perſons. And let them ſubmit with patience and

and reſignation to their preſent fate; and alſo endeavour to reſtrain and ſubdue, as much as human frailty will permit, even thoſe innocent propenſities which they have no opportunity of gratifying, and by that means acquire a *taſte* for thoſe ſpiritual and exalted pleaſures which they may hope to enjoy hereafter.

Should they allow themſelves ſome innocent gratifications, even of the ſenſual kind, ſuch as a glaſs of wine or two *extraordinary* after dinner, (which is often the caſe) the occaſional refreſhment of a pinch of ſnuff, a *faſhionable* glaſs of rum and water in an evening, or the like, yet let them, by all means, beware of indulging themſelves in any kind of exceſs, which they may be naturally tempted to do, as an indemnification for the loſs of thoſe *connubial* comforts, which nature *intended* as the common lot of all her children.

Another prudential maxim I would particularly recommend to the ladies of this deſcription, never to practiſe any coquetiſh or juvenile airs, eſpecially after they are turned of fifty, which will infallibly fruſtrate the purpoſe intended by them.

SECT. IV.

To thoſe brighter regions of happineſs, then, in a future ſtate, theſe neglected virgins muſt look for more complete *conſolation.* Though the virtuous habits, and the meek and patient reſignation to their deſtiny, may not make them perfectly happy here, yet they will greatly mitigate their chagrin, and will be the beſt preparatives for enjoying the ſociety, and participating

pating the felicity, of the bleſſed inhabitants of heaven.

What will be the preciſe nature and degree of that felicity (as I have already obſerved) no one has preſumed to explain, "neither has it entered into the heart of man fully to conceive." But, in addition to the ecſtatic joy of being re-united to our neareſt and deareſt domeſtic connections, and moſt beloved friends, we may confidently aſſert, that there will be an univerſal harmony between all the inhabitants of the celeſtial manſions; and probably, alſo, that there will be a more tender and ardent affection ſubſiſting between the two ſexes, ſimilar to that which unites them here below. And thoſe neglected virgins, who have meekly ſubmitted to their deſtiny here, will meet with thoſe endearments of which, from ſome perſonal defects, perhaps, they have here been unfortunately deprived. For

as moſt perſonal deformities, or even want of ſymmetry in the features, or in our ſhape, are probably occaſioned either by ſome miſmanagement of the child in its infancy, or derived down by a ſucceſſion of accidental impreſſions from their anceſtors, or from an immoderate indulgence of their appetites;* thoſe defects will certainly be rectified in the *glorified body*; and nothing but vicious habits, or *mental deformities*, will exclude them from the heavenly abodes, or deprive them of a cordial reception there, from every inhabitant of each ſex, and of every degree of glory and perfection. For as there will be no diſtinction but what ariſes from virtue and goodneſs, and every one will be as perfect in that reſpect as his particular mental quali-

* No woman would grow to that enormous bulk which we sometimes see, from any other cause, allowing for *family* constitutions.

ties

ties and other circumſtances require, there will, probably, be a relative, if not a perfect equality in heaven.

In what boundleſs regions of ſpace the incalculable myriads of deſcendants from Adam will be diſpoſed of, or how for endleſs ages they will be employed, or how a ſeries of raptures, or even pleaſing ſenſations, will be found to engage our attention to all eternity, it is not the buſineſs of this Eſſay to inquire. But we may ſafely truſt to the infinite goodneſs and power of our great Benefactor, to ſupply us with all that we can wiſh, or that will contribute to our eternal felicity. In our preſent ſtate we experience a ſucceſſion of occupations and amuſements, ſuited to our different ſtages of life, and our different ideas of things from infancy, through our youth, our manhood, and to the moſt advanced period of human life.

But

But mere exiſtence is a bleſſing, when not embittered by pain or any diſtreſsful circumſtances; and, amidſt the ſociety and reciprocal endearment of innumerable hoſts of the bleſſed, we can want no other variety to conſtitute our happineſs.

Let us ſuppoſe a numerous family, united in intereſts and affection, living together in an innocent and virtuous harmony, poſſeſſed of a competence to provide for the conveniences and comforts of life; and the younger part of the family, perhaps, in time, marrying and ſettling *near* their parents, in the patriarchal ſtyle. What could prevent ſuch a family from being as happy as human nature will permit, without any variety for a long ſeries of years?

"Sickneſs, or the death of ſome of its members," you will ſay, "or the neceſſity of ſome of them being ſeparated from the reſt, to gain a better eſtabliſh-

eſtabliſhment in the world, and many other diſaſtrous circumſtances may interrupt the felicity even of ſuch a family."

True! but nothing of that kind can befall the inhabitants of the realms above—They are landed on a *peaceable* ſhore, and ſafe from the ſtorms and diſaſters of this boiſterous ocean; and as they are ſecured from *ſin*, they can know no *miſery*, or any abatement of their happineſs.

I knew three maiden ſiſters forty years ago, co-heireſſes, I think, to a conſiderable fortune; but as their perſonal attractions had not been ſufficient to procure them proper matches, they lived together in their virgin-ſtate, in their manſion-houſe in the country, and in a ſtyle ſuitable to their fortune and rank in life. Having had a religious education, they had learned to regulate their paſſions, and to command

mand their temper, and were endeared to each other by reciprocal affection. As they were temperate, they were, in general healthy. But if either of them were occaſionally indiſpoſed, it only increaſed the tenderneſs and attention of her ſiſters. They viſited their gentiler neighbours in their turn; but their higheſt enjoyment and chief amuſement was, the walking to the neighbouring cottages, inquiring into and relieving the wants of the indigent and aſſiſting the diſtreſſed. In ſhort, as they were virtuous they were happy, and inſtead of a liſtleſs laſſitude or wearineſs of life; or complaining of its dulneſs and inſipidity; their only fear was, leſt their party ſhould be broken up by the death or marriage of either of its members.

But, alas! what idea can the moſt romantic deſcription of human felicity give us of the future ſcenes of bliſs—

that

that "fulneſs of joy and thoſe rivers of pleaſure," where we ſhall fully quench our thirſt after happineſs in the realms above. The Elyſium, indeed, of the heathen poets, and even the paradiſe of our ſacred writers, are no more than pictures of *inanimate* nature. But the beauty and ſplendor even of the celeſtial manſions would contribute but little to our happineſs, without that ſocial intercourſe, that friendly union, and thoſe reciprocal endearments of its bleſſed inhabitants. The moſt magnificent palace can afford the lover no more pleaſure than the meaneſt cottage, when abſent from the object of his ardent affection.

In ſhort, whatever or wherever the ſeat of our happineſs may be, as we ſhall riſe the ſame identical perſons, and retain the ſame faculties, though infinitely improved; we ſhall probably enjoy many of the ſame pleaſures, though

though exalted and refined beyond our preſent conception. They will be the ſame in kind, though not in degree.* And as an univerſal harmony, ſimilarity of ſentiment, and the moſt unreſerved confidence, analogous to our earthly friendſhips, will prevail amongſt all the inhabitants of heaven; ſo, doubtleſs, a more tender attachment, and more exquiſite ſympathy, ſimilar to the paſſion of love (though void of the leaſt tincture of ſenſuality) will *there* ſubſiſt between the two ſexes.

Hence, then, I have endeavoured to extract matter of "*conſolation* to thoſe "*neglected virgins*," who, by a pious reſignation, and by cultivating univerſal benevolence and forming virtuous habits, ſhall qualify themſelves for the ſociety of the ſaints in heaven.

* See an Eſſay on the Happiness of the Life to come; an elegant translation from the French.

I ſhall

I ſhall conclude this Eſſay with again recommending to the fair objects of it, "the ornament of a meek and quiet ſpirit," a good temper, and a contented and chearful, yet by no means too gay or flippant a behaviour. Let them not obtrude themſelves too much on the public eye; but, by a reſerved and modeſt air, endeavour to evade particular notice as much as may be. When an unhappy creature ſeems conſcious of any perſonal defect, ſhe naturally excites compaſſion; and *Pity*, we know, is the *ſiſter*, or *rather*, the *parent*, of *Love*.

Indeed, though a perſon of this deſcription may be overlooked in a polite circle; or even affronted, perhaps, by ſome *inſolent beauty*, who, like a blazing comet, draws after her a train of gazing fops; yet this meek ſufferer ſhall be "a miniſtering angel," perhaps, "and ſhine as a ſtar in the firmament,"

ment," when that haughty fair one, whoſe charms may not improbably prove deſtructive of her innocence, may be conſigned to the ſociety of *fallen angels*, to do pennance for her pride and inſolence, in the regions of darkneſs and deſpair.

Though Virtue may be oppreſſed, and ſeem for a while to be neglected; it will finally triumph, and infallibly meet with an adequate reward.

ON

PROFANENESS.

"For want of decency is want of sense."

POPE.

PROFANENESS, in its general sense, is the treating with levity and irreverence things sacred; or which are esteemed such by all wise and good men. From vanity or presumption, perhaps, we may deem them weak and superstitious; in attributing an idea of sanctity to trifles which do not deserve it. But Modesty dictates a distrust of our own opinions, and decency requires us to sacrifice our own sense of things to the united sense, or even to the prejudices of a major part of the community.

As such a variety of religious persuasions prevail in this country, we ought mutually to respect each others scru-

ples;

ples; and not treat with contempt their religious ceremonies, or violate their places of worſhip; as indeed none but the mere vulgar rabble in this age would do; and they are reſtrained by the laws of the land from this ſpecies of profaneneſs.

Yet, ſhould an inoffenſive Quaker, whoſe conſcience will not permit him to wear a ſuperfluous button on his coat, much leſs to bow the knee to Baal, come into a church, on any occaſion, with his broad beaver on his head, we ſhould pity and pardon the delicacy of his ſcruples. But when a ſectary of any other denomination, who has not the ſame plea, comes into a veſtry, as I have often ſeen, with his hat on, when the reſt of the company are uncovered, he ought to be treated as any man would be who ſhould come into a full-dreſſed aſſembly of polite people in a ſlovenly diſhabille, or in dirty boots; he would certainly be affronted,

fronted, if not turned out of the room. And a churchman who ſhould go into one of their conventicles in the ſame inſolent manner, ought to meet with a ſimilar treatment.

Yet, in theſe and the like inſtances, the ill-breeding, rather than the profaneneſs of the parties, is generally to be cenſured.

When an eccentric nobleman, ſome years ſince, walked up the choir of the Abbey-church at Bath, during divine ſervice, with his hat on his head, and being rebuked by the ſexton, walked down again, not in the leaſt diſconcerted. I do not imagine that "God was in all his thoughts;" but it proceeded entirely from an ariſtocratic contempt of the pious plebeians there aſſembled.

When a bear, from the deſarts of Siberia, came into a farm-yard, and ſaw the poultry drinking at a pond, and turning up their faces towards

heaven at every ſip, he might be ſurprized at ſo odd a cuſtom; but when he was informed, that it was a religious ceremony, "which from time immemorial, had been held ſacred and indiſpenſable by them; none but a bear," as the cock ſpiritedly told him, "would treat it with ridicule and contempt, in the preſence of thoſe who practiſed it."*

Young people, ſometimes, from thoughtleſs levity, others from an illiberal buffoonery, treat with indecent freedom what ſerious perſons think deſerving of reverence and reſpect. Such a ludicrous propenſity, if not awed by authority, ſhould be chaſtiſed with ſeverity.

A principal performer at a grand concert, given by a late noble Earl at his magnificent caſtle, coming in after his time, put up his hat before his face, in imitation of our decent cuſtom

* Dodsley's Fables.

on

on coming into the church. The ladies were in raptures at his wit and humour; but his Lordſhip, whoſe anceſtors had made France tremble, ſhould have given ſuch a puppy ſome mortifying mark of his diſpleaſure, and not have ſuffered ſuch an indecency (at leaſt, if not profaneneſs) to have paſſed unnoticed, before half the nobility and gentry of the country.

To what a degree of depravity and profaneneſs muſt ſome of the late republican rulers of France have arrived, who could encourage a whole nation to pay divine honours to two ſtrumpets, in the characters of *Liberty* and *Reaſon*, in the venerable cathedral of Notre Dame at Paris; which for ſo many centuries had been held *ſacred*, and dedicated to the ſervice of the ſupreme Being!

I have ſaid nothing of *profane* ſwearing in common converſation, becauſe it is now baniſhed from all good com-

pany, and even civilized ſociety, amongſt porters and draymen in pot-houſes and brothels. And although I have not been much converſant in maritime affairs, I believe our naval officers have now learned to manage their boiſterous ſubjects by firm and peremptory orders, without the uſe of thoſe tremendous oaths which were formerly deemed indiſpenſable inſtruments for maintaining their authority.

I could, almoſt, forgive an honeſt tar, indeed, his familiar uſe of this profane language, becauſe it is generally the overflowing of his benevolence. If he "*d-mns* your eyes," it is becauſe he is glad to *ſee* you; and though he "d-mns your blood," he would ſpill his own blood to ſave your life.

Theſe high-ſounding words, indeed, ſeem, in general, to be no more than unmeaning expletives; and though extremely fooliſh, can hardly be deemed wicked. Yet, when an half-bred *gentleman*,

tleman, through mere wantonneſs, profanes that name, which every one is ſuppoſed to reverence, in polite, much more in ſerious and religious company; he ſhould be treated as a military officer would, or ſhould, treat an ill-bred fellow, who vented treaſonable or diſreſpectful expreſſions againſt the ſovereign whom he ſerves.

But there is another ſpecies of profaneneſs, which, indeed, ſuggeſted the idea of this Eſſay, and which is too common amongſt decent people, I mean the introducing on frivolous occaſions, as embelliſhments to their diſcourſe or writings, the expreſſions or alluſions to the ſacred writings.

Yet, where only the peculiarity, or perhaps, beauty of the phraſe is alluded to, and no diſreſpect intended, or any ſentiment ridiculed, though there may not be much wit, there may not be any profaneneſs in the practice.

Mr. Pope, who had had a religious education, and, though a Catholic, was well-verſed in the Scriptures, has frequent alluſions of this kind. Thus, in his Defence of Poetry, amongſt other uſes to which it has been applied, he mentions *Pſalm-ſinging*, and its influence on the multitude.

" —The bleſſing thrills through all the labouring throng,
" And ' *heaven* is *won* by *violence* of ſong."*

And when he ſays, in alluſion to the Beatitude, of thoſe wretched Garreteers, who undergo the diſtreſs of martyrs and confeſſors, for a precarious ſubſiſtence, or for fame.

" Who hunger and who thirſt for ſcribbling ſake."

Though he makes free with the Scripture expreſſion, it is only to ſhow the folly of thoſe votaries of dulneſs, who

* Alluding to Matt. xii. 11. " the violent take it by force."

ſuffer

ſuffer more for fame and famine, than a good chriſtian does for the happineſs of heaven. Even in the following inſtance:

"What tho' thy works an hundred hawkers load,
"On wings of wind come flying all abroad."

Though he alludes to a ſublime idea of the Divinity, it is merely Sternhold's expreſſion which he parodies.

Of this plea then, and of this great example, I would willingly avail *myſelf*; that if I have at any time, without due attention, made uſe of any expreſſions which may give offence to any ſerious or ſenſible men; or in the preceding Eſſay, "on the future condition of the ſexes," I have treated the ſubject in any part with unbecoming levity; I here declare, with regard to the firſt caſe, that no one can have a more profound veneration for the ſacred Scriptures than I have. And though Mr. Paine ſays, "he could have written

ON

DELICACY OF MANNERS.

DELICACY conſiſts in a nice ſenſe of propriety and decorum in our words and actions, and a ſtrict attention not to wound the feelings of our aſſociates by any expreſſion, or to betray a want of reſpect by our behaviour, towards thoſe with whom we converſe. Delicacy, though not a moral virtue, is at leaſt a ſocial duty, and of great importance to render our intercourſe with each other a real enjoyment.

Delicacy does not require us to flatter, or even to palliate the vices of our acquaintances, but carefully to avoid giving them pain, by alluſions to any misfortunes or paſt miſconduct, or to any foible or ſingularity, which may happen to mark their perſon or their character.

But

But delicacy alſo more particularly obliges us to be cautious not to excite any immodeſt or unchaſte ideas, or to ſuggeſt by our actions or expreſſions any thing diſguſting or offenſive to the imagination.

The ancient Perſian, every one knows, thought it indecent to ſpit or blow their noſe in company, or to diſcover any other ſymptom of ſuperfluous humours, (the effect of immoderate indulgence) in the habit of their bodies.

And the Mahometans, as an inſtance of delicacy in another reſpect, uſually ſit with their arms croſs'd on their breaſts, to prevent their touching any part of their body which decency requires to be concealed.

How often however do we offend, from thoughtleſſneſs or ſome leſs excuſeable motive, in all theſe reſpects! we daily behold people wantonly ſporting with the feelings of others, and not only alluding to, but ridiculing, perhaps,

haps, the unavoidable or natural defects or peculiarities of their company! "They ſcatter firebrands and arrows" at random, if their dull and frigid conceits may deſerve that name; and often wound unintentially, perhaps, the hearts of harmleſs individuals.

But, in mixt company, we cannot be too much on our guard in theſe inſtances; as by negligence and want of thought we may happen to diſtreſs ourſelves as much as the perſon who ſuffers by our random reflections.

I remember a very good-natured man, who, at a public ordinary, was cenſuring a reverend divine for his ungovernable paſſions; and giving a particular inſtance of an outrage he had been guilty of in a paroxyſm of wrath. "Why, it is very probable," ſays a gentleman who ſat near him, "for my father was a choleric man"—"What! is Dr. —— your brother, Sir? (I ſincerely beg your pardon)—but though the

the Dr. is, as you expreſs it, a little *choleric*, he is a very worthy man, and we will drink his health." This was rather a laughable affair.

But I never heard a more cruel inſtance of indelicacy than that in a lady of rigid virtue, who, in a large company, having heard the name of a lovely young creature, who ſat near her, exclaimed in a loud whiſper, within her hearing, "I hope this is not the young woman who had a baſtard not long ſince."—The poor girl, of courſe, left the company into which ſhe had been admitted, from the peculiarity of her ſituation; having been ſeduced when ſhe was hardly fourteen. The lady of the houſe aſked the accuſer how ſhe could be ſo inhuman as to ſhock the poor young lady? "A ſaucy puſs," ſays ſhe, "I was determined to give her an *hint* of it" And indeed it was rather an indelicate hint, and at leaſt unneceſſary, unleſs ſhe had been called

called upon to give her evidence in a court of juſtice.

As to exciting immodeſt or diſguſting ideas, we ſtill pride ourſelves upon a ſmart double entendre, or wanton alluſion; we ſpit upon the carpet, or throw our legs on the table, and indulge ourſelves in other contemptuous attitudes, to the offence of well-bred people.

But it is more eſpecially incumbent on that lovely ſex, who from the finer texture of their nerves, have almoſt an inſtinctive perception of what is indelicate; and, by their charms, have ſo great an influence in refining our manners, to avoid every ſpecies of indecorum. And, indeed, they ſeem greatly improved, within a few years, in this reſpect.

The affectation of ſpitting in their pocket handkerchief in company; or, at table, rummaging the remote cavities of their mouth and gums with their napkin

napkin, and then boldly ſquirting out the water into the glaſs; and ſome other indelicate cuſtoms are now laid aſide: and perhaps it is rather indelicate to mention theſe particulars.

Nay, they appear to me to be running into the contrary extreme, of too much refinement in ſome reſpects. And in an age not diſtinguiſhed for the auſterity of the female character, or their conjugal fidelity; notwithſtanding the freedom of their actions, they ſeem rather too ſqueamiſh in their expreſſions. A lady who, in a figurative ſenſe, is known to wear the breeches, would not for the world pronounce the word. Not conſidering that every word they ſubſtitute in its place will, by conveying the ſame idea, ſoon become equally obnoxious. We ſeem to be imitating the French verboſity; but, by our circumlocutions and ſoftening expreſſions, we are in danger of corrupting and diminiſhing the force of our language.

Monſieur

Monſieur and Madame have not the moſt perfect regard for each other, ſays a Frenchman; whereas a blunt Engliſhman would ſay, The man and his wife *hate* one another confoundedly.

In ſhort, though

"Immodest words admit of no pretence;"

yet, as Swift obſerves, that "*nice* people have naſty ideas;" ſo thoſe who are too faſtidiouſly delicate may be ſuſpected to have indelicate ideas; and by too ſcrupulouſly heſitating to call things by their appropriate names, may excite immodeſt thoughts in thoſe they converſe with, and produce the very effect they would wiſh to avoid.

ON

THE MORAL SENSE.

By the *Moral ſenſe*, every one knows modern philoſophers underſtand an inſtinctive perception of the beauty or the deformity of virtuous or of vicious actions, attended with approbation or diſguſt, previouſly to any reflexion on their conſequences either to ourſelves or to others. To this moral ſenſe, though differently expreſſed, the ancient moraliſts, particularly the philoſophical Cicero, frequently allude, as do many of our writers of the laſt century; particularly the learned, though ſceptical, Lord Herbert, who ſpeaks in ſuch high terms of certain *innate* principles, or maxims of moral conduct, as to ſuperſede the neceſſity of a Revelation.

Mr. Lock, therefore, having denied the exiſtence of any *innate* ideas, and ſeeing the pernicious tendency of Lord Herbert's opinion on this ſubject, of courſe rejected all innate principles or *maxims* either ſpeculative or practical, for which he is, rather indecently, ridiculed by his noble pupil, Lord Shaftsbury; who ſtrongly inſiſts upon this *moral inſtinct*, at leaſt, by which we inſtantaneouſly approve or diſapprove of certain actions, affections and characters; in which he has been followed by the Glaſgow profeſſor Hucheſon and others, whoſe ſentiments on this ſubject have been generally adopted.

Biſhop Warburton indeed makes this inſtinctive *Moral ſenſe*, in conjunction with the fitneſs of things, and their conformity to truth and the will of God, one of the three columns eſſential to the ſupport of virtue and moral obligation.*

* Burlamaghi does the ſame. B. ii. c. 3.

I was

I was not a little ſurprized and chagrined, therefore, to have my principles ſhaken, and almoſt overturned, by the authority of ſo judicious and luminous a writer as Dr. Paley,* who, though he fairly diſcuſſes the point, and ſeems to give the ſtrength of the arguments on each ſide, yet he evidently inclines to the oppoſite opinion, which he illuſtrates by the very ſame inſtances made uſe of by Mr. Lock, though they had been fully refuted, as was ſuppoſed, by Hucheſon and others.

As Dr. Paley, in ſtating the ſubject of the diſpute, takes it for granted that the *Moral ſenſe* and *innate maxims* are only different expreſſions for the ſame thing; this, as it appears to me, has miſled him, as in ſome meaſure, I believe, it did Mr. Locke: Since they neither of them diſtinguiſh innate maxims of moral conduct;—ſuch as Lord Herbert had ſpecified,

* Principles of Moral Philoſophy, vol. i. p. 9.

from our *natural feelings* or inſtinctive ſenſations; which ſurely are as different as ſounds or colours from our ſenſe of hearing or ſeeing: The former being Truths, to which, though not innate, we cannot refuſe our aſſent, when we underſtand the terms and exerciſe our reaſoning faculties about them. The latter is a mental faculty, which *anticipates* reaſon; and *feels* inſtantaneous pleaſure or diſguſt, from certain actions or characters, which preſent themſelves to our notice.

Thus, though we have no innate idea, nor any ſuch moral maxim or propoſition, implanted in our minds, that "a generous action ought to be approved;" yet no one can ſee or hear of a good man's relieving a family in diſtreſs, or ſaving a friend from deſtruction, without a ſenſible pleaſure and the higheſt approbation.

To diſprove the univerſality of this principle of the moral ſenſe, Dr. Paley produces

produces the inſtances quoted by Mr. Locke, of ſeveral immoral opinions and practices recorded by hiſtorians and travellers, which have prevailed and been publicly countenanced in different countries and ages of the world. Yet none of theſe, I think, prove, that the generality of mankind have not the moral ſenſe, any more than the many irrational practices which abound in the world prove, that mankind in general are abſolutely void of reaſon. It ſeems, indeed, as if theſe writers were biaſſed in favour of their own hypotheſis, to lay any ſtreſs on the opinions or practices of a few ſavages, or of men, but one remove from the brute creation, and whoſe real opinions it may be difficult to diſcover.

Education and cuſtom may obliterate the impreſſions of nature, and habit uſurp her place. Self-intereſt or ambition frequently induce men to violate the dictates of humanity, and to ſtifle

the tendereſt feelings of nature. Yet we never read of the expoſing of children, for inſtance, but in oppoſition to the reluctance of the mother, and the compaſſion of the inſtruments in ſuch unnatural ſervices. Nor can we ſuppoſe, that any barbariah could ever expoſe to death an infirm or aged parent, without the utmoſt compunction and horror, even when ſuch ſhocking proceedings had been ſanctioned by cuſtom.

As for what Dr. Paley ſays of children, that "they acquire theſe moral ſentiments and expreſſions of affection and concern from *imitation*." To this I can only anſwer, that I have ſeen innumerable inſtances, where, at a very early age, children have expreſſed themſelves ſtrongly intereſted in acts of generoſity, benevolence, or heroic courage, in the tales of giants or faries, which have been told or read to them; which, in my opinion, unequivocally proves

proves them to have been poſſeſſed of this moral inſtinct, independantly of any imitation or inſtruction, or any other cauſe than the genuine feelings of nature.

In ſhort, I am perſuaded that Dr. Paley muſt deteſt the inference which a Mandeville or a Voltaire would draw from his opinion on this ſubject, that Virtue and Vice are dependent on education, cuſtom or faſhion.* Nor would the author of the "Horæ Paulinæ" and the "Evidences of Chriſtianity," countenance Hume's ſcepticiſm, or any opinion hoſtile to revelation.

I do not ſee, therefore, what the quotation from Hume's Principles of Morals is intended to prove: Nor why Dr. Paley, in his dedication to Biſhop Law, ſhould "wiſh to diſcard every article from Chriſtianity that contradicts our experience," which is the very argument that Hume oppoſes to the belief of miracles.

* Hoc Ithacus velit et magno mercentur achivi. Vir.

An unſkilful advocate may injure a good cauſe. But I wiſh this ſubject of a *moral ſenſe* were diſcuſſed by a more able hand, or reviſed by Dr. Paley himſelf; as, I make no doubt, he would gladly retract any hypotheſis which tended to undermine, or in the leaſt degree to weaken the ſupports of moral virtue.

THEATRICO-MANIA:

AN ESSAY

ON THE RAGE

FOR

PRIVATE THEATRICAL EXHIBITIONS.

"Time was, a sober Englishman would knock
His servants up, and rise by five o'clock:
Instruct his family in *Virtue*'s rule;
And send his wife to church his son to *school*.
Now times are chang'd—
Sons, sires, and grandsires, all will wear the bays,
Our wives read Milton and our daughters Plays:"

POPE'S EPISTLES.

THUS it was in Pope's time; and thus far was not much amiss: Though their daughters *read* plays, we do not find that they attempted to *act* them. But in our times, not only our daughters, but our wives, our mothers and our grandmothers, I do not say *read*, but

act

act plays. And we may ſay, in a literal ſenſe, what Shakſpeare's melancholy Jaques ſays in a figurative one:

"All the world's a ſtage,
And all the men and women merely players."

There is hardly a family in high or low life, that has not its theatre of ſome kind or other, and its occaſional performers. Not only Brandeburgh-houſe, but many a noble houſe of leſs notoriety is frequently opened for theſe dramatic exhibitions. Thither you ſee aſſembled animals of every deſcription, like thoſe in Noah's ark, clean and unclean; pure and *impure*; grave and gay; gamblers and grumblers; who, diſſatisfied with themſelves and every thing around them, take refuge here, driven from home through dread of ſolitude, and that green-eyed monſter Ennuie.

If their magnificent feats in the country be the ſcene of action, which ſome

ſome few of our nobility and gentry ſtill prefer to a dirty lodging at Brighton or Margate: or, at leaſt, when driven from the metropolis by the duſt in ſummer, and from the ſea-ports by the equinoctial rains in Autumn; they contrive to ſupport themſelves for a month or two by giving their *rural retreat* ſome reſemblance of a public place; and collecting a croud of half-civilized ſavages from the ſurrounding neighbourhood, to ſee the raree-ſhow and applaud their performances.

Hence the humour has ſpread itſelf amongſt their tenants ſons and daughters; who, in imitation of their right honourable or right worſhipful neighbours, ſpout heroics in their barns, with as much vehemence, though not always with ſo much correctneſs * of

* A friend of mine was present at one of these Thespian exhibitions, when a young swain thus addressed a recruiting serjeant, "Sur, I undurstand you have lately made a campag-ne." &c.

elocution,

elocution, as their landlords have done "in *hall* or *bower*."

As for the practice ſo much in vogue of late in our public ſchools of performing *Engliſh* plays, I know not what to ſay. It is countenanced by perſons of ſo much ſenſe and reſpectability, and on ſuch plauſible arguments, that I ſhould think it the height of preſumption abſolutely to condemn it.

"As moſt boys, who have a claſſical education, ſay they, are intended to *ſpeak* either at the bar or in the pulpit, or perhaps in the ſenate-houſe, they cannot be too ſoon habituated to ſpeak in public. It gives them a proper confidence and an unembaraſſed elocution. A man will never excel as an orator (ſomebody has obſerved) who does not conſider his audience as ſo many cabbage ſtems."

This is very true: But let them, therefore, be accuſtomed to repeat with a proper emphaſis and in a graceful manner,

manner, ſome parts of the orations of Cicero, or ſpeeches in Saluſt, or even the debates of our Britiſh Senators: or, if you pleaſe, ſome paſſages from our beſt tragedies, or from the Latin or Engliſh poets, with appropriate geſtures and ſome degree of *action*. But I do not ſee any good end it can anſwer, to make a boy a mimic or a buffoon. Every man ſhould be a good ſpeaker, but why muſt every man be a good actor?

Yet Roſcius, you will ſay, was Cicero's maſter in *action*, as well as in ſpeaking. *Action*, no doubt, was of great ſervice to a pleader in popular aſſemblies, ſuch as thoſe of Rome and Athens. Yet the natural modeſty and good ſenſe of an Engliſh audience can never be pleaſed with any violent geſticulation. And the mob, who are ſo much captivated by the harangues of the Tabernacle, are affected more by the appearance of the preacher's being

in

in earneſt, than by his thumping the cuſhion and his vociferation. And if the London clergy of the eſtabliſhment would add a little more vehemence to their compoſed and decent attitudes, I am convinced they would have more hearers and more admirers.

But there is one objection to theſe dramatic repreſentations in grammar ſchools, which perhaps may be peculiarly ſo to me, that ſome of the boys muſt neceſſarily be metamorphoſed, for the time, into the other ſex. And though I have been rather pleaſed with the partiality of a fond mother, delighted to ſee what an handſome girl her booby ſon would make, it is to me a diſguſting ſight.

Not to mention, that the applauſe which they are ſure to receive from, perhaps, an intereſted audience, muſt naturally excite their youthful vanity, and make them coxcombs. And I have known more than one inſtance where, when a boy had performed his part

part to *admiration*, he has flattered himſelf that his education was finiſhed, and has become idle and diſſipated ever after.

An equally ſerious conſequence of theſe performances in great ſchools, of which we ſee many inſtances, is the encouraging young lads, intended for more creditable employments, in commencing ſtrollers, and making it their profeſſion, to the diſappointment of their parents, and the perverſion and miſapplication of talents, which might have been employed for more uſeful purpoſes.

But ſo fond are we of every thing theatrical, that our young ladies of rank, inſtead of the graceful movements of the minuet or the Louvre*, in which

* There is ſomething in the muſic of that dance, as well as the graceful attitudes, which always gave me a grand idea of the court of Lewes the XIV. which, by all accounts, was far leſs licentious than the nocturnal revels of the French Republic.

their

their grandmothers appeared to ſo much advantage, are now taught to emulate the dancers of the ſtage; and, what is worſe, it is to be feared, their *inſtructoreſſes* in theſe dances will introduce, not only the facinating attitudes and looſe drapery, but the voluptuous morals of the French nation.

As for the general effect which thoſe *private* theatrical exhibitions may have in forming the character and influencing the conduct of the riſing generation, I ſhall only obſerve, that whatever moral precepts our modern dramatic writers may inculcate; yet, as the green-rooms of our public theatres, were never reckoned ſchools of rigid virtue; ſo, I am afraid, the *private* apartments in noblemen's and gentlemen's houſes, where the young people retire to change their dreſſes and the like, have been productive of more than one intrigue, and elopements, and improper marriages, to the diſtreſs of families, and often,

often, perhaps, the ruin of the thoughtleſs parties themſelves.

This prevailing rage for theatrical repreſentations ſeems to have taken its riſe from the ſame ſource as faſhions in general; from a natural deſire of imitating what we admire in thoſe who ſhine or are ſuppoſed to excel in any art, accompliſhment, or natural endowment. Thus, a young lady and gentleman are ſtricken with the romantic characters and elegant repreſentation of Romeo and Juliet; or, perhaps, the former with the Fair Penitent, and the latter with the gallant, gay Lothario; and they immediately flatter themſelves that they ſhall reſpectively ſhine, and be admired in the ſame characters.

This fondneſs for imitating what we admire in others, indeed, extends itſelf through almoſt every department of life.

A ſpirited young dowager is pleaſed with the triumphant air and elevated

SUSPICIOUS MEETING.

Latet anguis in herbâ. VIRG.

WHEN thoſe tumultuous aſſemblies, called ROUTS are daily multiplying in Bath and all the provincial towns, as well as in the metropolis, and which evidently come within the act againſt Seditious Meetings; it behoves the magiſtrates to keep a watchful eye on their proceedings. For, as there appears no *viſible* motive, either of pleaſure or of emolument, for five or ſix hundred people crowding together, in hot rooms, at theſe nocturnal meetings, depend upon it, there is ſome ſecret conſpiracy that ſhuns the light, lurking under this appearance of apathy and diſſipation.

A great part of the company indeed *ſeem* to be no otherways employed than in ſtrolling up and down the rooms, and

and ſtaring at each other with unmeaning vacant faces: yet there are certainly ſome dark deſigns and diabolical machinations carrying on in thoſe little juntos in the corner of the room, and *behind* the *curtains* in the bow-windows.

There are, indeed, four (I ſuppoſe emigrant) Crowned Heads and their Royal Conſorts, who generally attend theſe aſſemblies; and who may be thought a ſufficient pledge for the *loyalty* of the company. But there are likewiſe ſome ſly, deſigning *knaves*, and ill-looked fellows in ſhort great coats, who, beſides the ſuſpicion of their ſtealing *hearts*, and pilfering *diamonds*, under pretence of gallantry, have, probably, ſome political ſcheme to put in execution. They have no fire-arms, indeed, but they have ſome ſhort *clubs* and concealed weapons, which ſeem to indicate ſome murderous intention.

In ſhort, the Magiſtrates ſhould not only attend theſe dangerous aſſemblies,

which (to do them juſtice, they generally do); but they ſhould alſo inveſt the Chairmen with *conſtabularian* authority, that they may be at hand in caſe of any treaſonable or burglarious practices; to prevent any ſeditious harangues againſt the government or the conſtitution; or any violation of the *ſecurity* of *locks* and keys, or domeſtic padlocks, and the like felonious attrocities.

NARRATIVE

OF

AN ALARMING OCCURRENCE

SAID TO HAVE TAKEN PLACE AT BATH, OCT. 3, 1797.

MANY perſons now living can probably remember the conſternation and confuſion occaſioned in Bath, about fifty years ſince, by a piece of humour of the honourable John Spencer, who having bribed the chairmen, to ſeize and tie up all the turnſpits on a Sunday morning (for jacks were then hardly known or little uſed in Bath): out came the ſober citizens in their night gowns and ſlippers, while the bell was tolling for church; "Neighbour," ſays one, "did you ſee my turnſpit?" "No," replies the other, "I was looking after my own." The ſame queſtion and anſwer circulated through

every ſtreet in Bath; and many an honeſt family was diſappointed of their Sunday's dinner.

Such was the alarm and confuſion yeſterday morning, on certain intelligence having arrived by the mail, of the tax on time-pieces, on clocks and watches. For every automaton or ſelf-moving machine of that kind in the city, by a ſort of ſympathetic inſtinct, immediately took fright, and either ſtood motionleſs with horror, or flew off in every poſſible direction, backwards and forwards; too faſt or too ſlow; and all in the wrong.

"Can you tell me what a clock it is," ſays one? "My clock ſtands ſtill." "So does my watch," ſays the other; "for I am not worth a clock." "Why, my watch is almoſt *two*," ſays a third; "and my roaſt beef is juſt going upon the table." "Zounds!" ſays the firſt man, "my maid has not ſpitted the loin of veal; and we ſhall not be ready for

for church." "For church! you fool," ſays a by-ſtander; "the firſt bell has not rung; the abbey-clock has ſtood ſtill ever ſince the poſt came in; and the ſexton is running up and down inquiring what hour it is; and ſays, the curate (though as meek as Moſes) is in a perilous paſſion, having waited in the veſtry this half hour." My *larum*, which I always ſet at five o'clock in the morning to call me up to my ſtudies, took the alarm, and ran down at twelve o'clock at noon, as if the devil had been in him. Nay; the kitchen jack, which calls the kitchen clock his brother, as they both *ſpring* from the *lines* of the ſame blackſmith, ſwore, "he would not ſtir an inch, while the clock ſtood ſtill and did nothing."

In this confuſion they all concurred to curſe the war, which, ſaid they, is the cauſe of all our misfortunes. Let the French cut each others throats, if they like it, and guillotine the whole

illuſtrious houſe of Bourbon; but to have our Sunday's dinner ſpoiled in this manner, is an home-felt calamity, and may juſtly be reckoned amongſt the *horrors* of war.

While they were in this diſtreſs, a tradeſman, whoſe *private* affairs were ſo far deranged by his attention to politics and the public welfare, that he could only appear on a Sunday, hearing the ſubject of their complaint, bid them, in a low voice, not be uneaſy; for that the French would land in a few months, and reſtore LIBERTY, and free us from the burden of theſe arbitrary taxes. This produced a diſpute with a friend to our government, and ſoon diſperſed the aſſembly.

TRIFLING

TRIFLING CRITICISMS.

It is a well-known fact, that the great critic, the learned Dr. Bentley, frequently obſerves, in his editions of Horace and of Milton, that if his authors *did* not, they *ought* to have expreſſed themſelves as he corrects the text. And Biſhop Warburton ſometimes intimates the ſame in his edition of Shakeſpear.

Although theſe great men have been ſufficiently ridiculed for their preſumption, I cannot forbear hazarding a ſtill more bold conjecture than either of them, on the very firſt line of Milton's Paradiſe loſt.

"Of man's firſt *diſobedience*, and the fruit
"Of that forbidden tree, whoſe mortal taſte
"Brought death into the world," &c.

Now, inſtead of the heavy word, *diſobedience*, I cannot but think he had better have written,

"Of

"Of man's first *great transgression*, and the fruit," &c.

And for the following reaſons. The word "*diſobedience*" is a general abſtract term; and ſeems to expreſs the *habit*, rather than any *ſingle act* of diſobedience. Thus of a ſon or a ſervant, he ought not to be puniſhed for the *firſt* or ſecond *diſobedience*, but the firſt or ſecond *act* of diſobedience.

I am aware that Horace, and the beſt critics, have eſtabliſhed it as a rule, that the exordium of an epic poem ſhould be plain and ſimple, merely to give the reader a general idea of the ſubject. But this precept is only oppoſed to that pompous ſtyle, in which ſome writers begin their works, and which generally raiſes expectation, that in the ſequel they ſeldom gratify.

After criticiſing Milton, I may venture, perhaps, to mention an equally trifling particular in the theatrical conduct

duct of the brighteſt ornament of the Engliſh ſtage, the late Mr. Garrick; though, indeed, it is ſo very a trifle, that I ſhould not have taken notice of it if the authority of ſo great an example were not daily ſpreading the infection.

What I allude to, is the laying the accent on the firſt ſyllable of the word "pérfume;" becauſe Shakeſpear in Othello does ſo in one inſtance, as he lays it wrong on half a dozen words in the ſame play; but in "the Taming the Shrew," he lays it on the laſt ſyllable:

"For she is sweeter than perfúme itself."

And he lays the accent on the laſt ſyllable of the verb in the preceding lines.

Why then ſhould any modern poet be guilty of ſuch affectation in oppoſition to the invariable practice of Pope, Addiſon, Swift, and every other writer in verſe or proſe. And ſurely Dr. Johnſon's

They immediately correct themſelves, however, and conſent to part with her for the public welfare.*

Homer paints, at firſt hand, from nature: and certainly men of the moſt advanced age cannot but be charmed with the ſight of a beautiful woman; but like the wiſe old Trojans, they ſhould ſuppreſs their admiration, nor ſuffer it to kindle the tyrannic paſſion of love at ſo unſeaſonable a time of life, when more ſerious concerns may be ſuppoſed to engage their attention, and which will infallibly deprive them of that reverence which is due to grey heirs, and expoſe them to the ridicule and contempt, at leaſt, of their inferiors in age and ſtation, if not attended with more ſerious conſequences.

We ſee frequent inſtances, indeed, of men long paſt the meridian of life, who, with a good perſon and amiable manners, render themſelves agreeable to the

* Iliad. b. 3.

fair

fair ſex; and a man of fifty has often gained the affections of a young girl of fifteen. But when turned of his grand climacteric, and in the very decrepitude of old age, no one, but an idiot or a madman, would dream of engaging under the banners of cupid, or in any affair of gallantry. No woman of ſenſe or ſpirit would liſten to, or even bear with a man of that deſcription; and he would probably be deſpicable and diſguſting to the moſt venal proſtitute.

The unſeaſonable gaiety of ſome amorous old ladies is a common ſubject of raillery with our comic writers. Yet, I am inclined to think, that more numerous inſtances might be produced in *our* ſex of old libertines who have thrown up the reins to their paſſions, and indulged their licentious propenſities till they become habitual and beyond the power of controul.

But when, either a wanton dowager purchaſes the ſervices of ſome half-pay officer,

may, one would hope, excite him to ſpeak with rapture on ſuch ſubjects, without his being accuſed of indulging the love of either to a culpable exceſs.

As the author of this Eſſay has always been an enthuſiaſtic admirer, even of the beauties of inanimate nature, he hopes he will not be cenſured for paying a juſt tribute of praiſe to the moſt beautiful part of the animated creation.

POSTSCRIPT.

Though not ſtrictly applicable, I cannot forbear mentioning an admirable ſcene in a late comedy called *Indiſcretion*, where, in conſequence of an an advertiſement, an old knight on crutches meets an old maid of ſixty; the former having deſcribed himſelf as in the *prime* of life, and the latter as between 30 and 40. Their mutual diſappointment and reciprocal reproaches, ſet their amorous inclinations in a truly ridiculous light.

SYMPTOMS

OF

SELF-IMPORTANCE.

"I will frown, as I pass by; and let them take it as they list." SHAKES.

As I am an idle man, and live in the vicinity of Bath; I ſpend many of my mornings in traverſing the ſtreets and public walks of that beautiful city. The magnificence of the many elegant buildings and the chearfulneſs of the ſcene, *ſooth* the imagination and tranquillize the ſpirits. Yet I find the calm compoſure of my mind frequently interrupted, and my nerves unpleaſantly irritated, by the haughty and faſtidious looks of thoſe I meet.

Though I will not ſubſcribe to the infallibility of Lavater's ſyſtem of phyſiognomy; yet the feelings of every

ſtrait forwards, and though our elbows almoſt touch, ſeems unconſcious that any one is near him, or at leaſt worth his notice.

A third is near-ſighted, and though we have met, perhaps, on various occaſions, has not the honour to recollect my name. All theſe are different ſtratagems of pride and ſelf-importance, which, though not reducible to the preciſe rules of quarrelling, "like the lie direct," and for which we can call a man to account; yet may, and ought to be reſented, or rather treated with the contempt which they deſerve.

I remember a ſtout fellow, with a moſt terrific countenance, who, if he met a man ſtrutting along in ſublime contemplation of his own importance, and a ſovereign contempt of all around him, he would, on a ſudden, run up to him, turn his large white eyes upon him, and cry, Boh! This, it may be ſuppoſed,

ſuppoſed, often involved him in a ſcuffle, or rough rencounter; but generally raiſed a laugh at the expence of the haughty deſpot.

A proud look is an inſult on the public. Pride was not made for man: nor for woman neither. Yet I have ſeen a fair ſpinſter, rather paſt her bloom, who has been converſing with a polite ſmile in the midſt of two or three gentlemen; but on the appearance of a young nymph in the gloſſy luſtre of fifteen, aſſume an haughty air, and ſurvey the bluſhing harmleſs virgin with ſuch a murderous aſpect, that I have been alarmed for the conſequences.

What then do I expect from thoſe whom I meet in public, and who certainly have a right to *look*, as well as to *act*, as they pleaſe, in defiance of my aſſumed cenſorial authority.

Why; I expect, that every man ſhould look with an air of kindneſs and

benignity on all mankind; or, at leaſt, not to aſſume an hoſtile or menacing aſpect towards thoſe who have never injured or offended him.

Let a man of rank or diſtinction aſſume the dignity becoming his ſtation and character; but let not thoſe who have no rank, nor, perhaps, any character, to diſtinguiſh them from the vulgar, affect that ſuperiority, which is an affront to every one they meet, and which will not eaſily be allowed them in a country of true liberty, and where education and virtue make the only real diſtinction; and where men will not be impoſed upon or kept in awe by a ſolemn appearance or arrogant pretentions.

A friend of mine when he meets a man of this deſcription, ſnaps his fingers at him, and ejaculates a ſcrap of Latin after him, *Non hujus te facio*, I do not care *this* for you!

For

For my own part, as I love all mankind, I rather pity, than reſent, the folly of this theatrical hero, "who ſtruts his hour on the ſtage, and then is ſeen no more."

RURAL FELICITY.

O! rus, quando ego te aspiciam? Hor.

The eaſe and tranquillity, commonly to be found in a country life, and the beauties of nature, there only to be found in their genuine ſimplicity, operate more forcibly on the imagination, and excite ſtronger wiſhes in the breaſt; when, by our ſituation in life, or other circumſtances, we are deprived of them, than when we are in the actual enjoyment of them.

This is ſo true, that I have often thought Milton would not have painted the rural ſcenes in his "Paradiſe Loſt" in ſuch glowing colours if he had not been blind.

"The ſummer's morn, the pleaſant villages and farms,"

with

with the nymphs and ſwains at their rural labours in the field, had made a ſtrong and pleaſing impreſſion on his youthful fancy, which remained fixed there, when the gloom of winter, the rainy ſeaſons, and every thing unpleaſant and diſguſting was forgotten or loſt in the aſſemblage of more brilliant, and more intereſting ideas.

Hence proceeds that rage for retirement and country-houſes ſo prevalent in many worthy citizens, who, notwithſtanding the greater comforts and conveniencies to be found in an opulent city; yet, amidſt the hurry of buſineſs, and the claſhing intereſts and competitions of trade, are languiſhing for the calm, undiſturbed repoſe of the country.'

But let us attend one of theſe enthuſiaſtic admirers of rural beauty, on a Saturday evening, at his villa or mimic cottage, by the ſide of ſome common or public road; you will find him, inſtead

ſtead of repoſing under the ſhade of a ſpreading oak with a book in his hand, or enjoying the cool breezes of the ſummer's evening, you will behold him ſitting with a pipe in his mouth, in his little ſummer houſe at the corner of his garden, and reading the *Morning Chronicle*, or enjoying the proſpect and the duſt raiſed by his fellow-citizens, who with the ſame reſtleſs ſpirit of migration from the city

——— "Run,
"The Lord knows whither, in their chaise and one."
POPE.

The Sunday of this recluſe is a *ſerious comedy*, conſiſting of five acts, breakfaſt, dinner, and ſupper; an afternoon's nap, and a pipe in the evening; and, on Monday morning, he returns with equal impatience to the drudgery of buſineſs, as a refuge from the intolerable burden of having *nothing to do*.

Men of buſineſs have, undoubtedly, the

the beſt plea for occaſional intervals of relaxation and repoſe; but as theſe little ſpruce haberdaſhers have probably no reſources in themſelves, either of reading or reflection, to fill up the empty ſpaces inſeparable from a country retirement; Cheapſide or Newgate ſtreet is the proper ſphere of their exiſtence.

Addreſſed to this prevailing fondneſs for a country life, an advertiſement appeared in the London papers every ſpring, ſome years ſince, nearly in theſe words.

"Ever ſtudious of rural amuſement, I took a walk as far as the *Adam* and *Eve*, on Turnham Green." And what was the reſult of this rural excurſion? Why; having met with ſome incomparable cheeſecakes, ſome delicious Herefordſhire cyder, and a pipe of the beſt Virginia tobacco; the public-ſpirited gentleman could not, in juſtice to this illuſtrious cake-houſe, withhold his

his due encomiums, or conceal from his friends ſuch a magazine of good things, which he himſelf had ſo happily diſcovered and enjoyed.

I remember "a party of pleaſure," conſiſting of ſome of the moſt reſpectable inhabitants of Bath (accompanied by a well-known Doctor in Divinity), who came to ſpend a day at a farm-houſe which commands one of the moſt delightful proſpects in the environs of that beautiful city. As ſoon as dinner was ended, though in the midſt of July, they ſhut up the parlour-windows, called for candles, and ſat down to cards, till their poſtilion ſent in word that it was almoſt dark; they then hurried down their tea and returned home, entertaining their friends for a week after, with the delightful day they had ſpent in the country.

In the more elevated ranks of life, the ſame fancied love of rural retirement, and the ſame inability to ſupport

it,

it, too generally, I fear, prevails. Satiated and fatigued, perhaps, with the *daily* (or rather *nightly*) repetition of the ſame ſcenes of folly and diſſipation; or annoyed by the heat and duſt of the metropolis; they fly from town to ſome equally crowded ſea-port, or other place of faſhionable reſort, where they meet the ſame wretched *votaries* of *pleaſure*, purſuing the ſame, or ſimilar modes of ſquandering their time, in queſt of that happineſs which eludes their purſuit; and which mere amuſement, void of utility, can never afford to a thinking mind: or if they vouchſafe to viſit their country ſeats for a month in the autumn, inſtead of exhilerating their country neighbours, or "making glad" the hearts of their tenants and dependants, they probably bring down with them their town aſſociates, or ſome of thoſe idle, fungous excreſcences of ſociety, thoſe "airy nothings who having no *local habitations*, or hardly a *name*."

a *name*," are proud to join in the *ſuite** of ſome *great* man, (and even boaſt of the honour) to applaud his taſte and improvements; to praiſe his claret; "*laud the haunch*;" and ſometimes, I fear, *encourage*, if not *ſhare*, his licentious amours.

Thus, too many of our great men, it is to be feared, enjoy the Arcadian ſcenes, which, perhaps, they have formed at a *ruinous expence*; unconſcious that any other human beings, more worthy, perhaps, than themſelves or their *friends*, exiſt around them.

Yet I ſhould betray a narrowneſs of obſervation, and a very limited knowledge of the great world, were I to include even a majority of our nobility in this random cenſure. On the contrary, I am perſuaded, that *ſome* of the brighteſt examples of religion and virtue may be found amongſt the higher

* Galopper ſur ta truce," ride in your train, as Boileau says, in his letter to Mr. Le Moignon.

ranks

ranks in this *united* kingdom; and to whom people in a lower ſphere might look up and copy with advantage.

Marcellus is a young nobleman of high rank and ample fortune. He has had a virtuous and claſſical education in one of our Engliſh univerſities; where he was diſtinguiſhed by a regular application to the ſciences and to polite literature. He is by no means deficient in political knowledge. But, as he has nothing to aſk of adminiſtration, he keeps himſelf independent, and engages in no party. Yet, as the oppoſition act ſyſtematically againſt the miniſter, and the buſineſs of government could not be carried on without a majority in parliament, Marcellus thinks it his duty, ſometimes to give his ſuffrage in their favour; and to ſacrifice his own private opinion, when the expediency of a meaſure is only problematical; and though he is not clearly convinced

that

that it is the beſt that could poſſibly be adopted.

When his duty to the public will permit, he gladly embraces every opportunity of retiring to his country reſidence; where, in the ſociety of his amiable and accompliſhed lady and a few friends, he enjoys all the felicity which conjugal affection, and the eaſe and familiarity of friendſhip can ſupply.

Their mornings are dedicated partly to uſeful and amuſing ſtudies, or domeſtic concerns, and partly to exerciſe and taking extenſive rides, and viſiting whatever is curious and intereſting; calling on their gentiler neighbours; or viewing their farms and cottages of the labourers, and enquiring into the ſtate and improvements in the former, or the wants of the latter. The reſt of the day is ſpent in the hoſpitable reception of thoſe, whoſe liberal education, or whoſe ſtations in life, though much inferior

ferior to their own, entitles them to ſuch a reception, which the politeneſs and condeſcenſion of this amiable couple extends to the whole neighbourhood, and which muſt reconcile the fierceſt democrat to the ariſtocracy.

As their rank and fortune gives them a powerful influence over their inferiors, they uſe their power in promoting virtue and induſtry amongſt the lower claſſes, and ſubmiſſion to legal authority; which in theſe times is doing eſſential ſervice to the public. In countenancing the ſober and induſtrious, and admoniſhing and even rebuking the idle and extravagant; in relieving indigent merit and unmerited indigence, and the like charitable offices. And in the diſcharge of theſe ſocial and moral duties, they find ſufficient amuſement to enliven their ſummer's retreat, while the conſciouſneſs of right conduct affords them the moſt heartfelt gratification, and diffuſes a chearfulneſs over

THE

SEAT OF HAPPINESS.

TO E. H. ESQ.

OH! Happineſs! cæleſtial maid,
To whom our conſtant vows are pay'd:
The general wiſh of human kind;
Oh! where ſhall we thy manſion find?
In what bleſt clime do'ſt thou reſide?
In what receſs thy treaſures hide?
Do'ſt thou frequent the lonely vale,
Where flow'rs their balmy ſweets exhale?
From moſs-grown rocks where fountain's ſpring,
And birds their plaintive wood-notes ſing?
No; oft I've ſought thee there in vain,
And found thoſe pleaſures ting'd with pain:

For, every penſive mind muſt know,
That " Solitude's the nurſe of woe."
Do'ſt thou diſplay thy beauties then,
Amidſt the cheerful haunts of men?
Frequent th' aſſemblies of the gay;
Attend each rout, each ball or play?
Do'ſt thou, fair maid, delight to range
About the purlieus of th' Exchange;
Where anxious mortals, ſlaves to wealth,
Barter their eaſe, impair their health,
In hopes, would Fate their wiſhes bleſs,
To purchaſe perfect happineſs?
Why then do wealthy Cit's repair
To rural ſcenes and wholeſome air;
To find, as there *retir'd* they live,
What wealth *alone* can never give?
Or do'ſt thou rather pleas'd reſort
Amidſt the ſplendors of a Court;
Where juſtling crowds are every hour,
Struggling for places and for power;
Where Envy and Ambition reign,
And Slavery wears a ſilken chain.

Ah!

Ah! let diſcarded placemen tell,
That bliſs in courts can never dwell;
Where competition never ceaſes,
And envy with our power increases.
Go to the ſeats of diſſipation—
Search every ſea-port in the nation;
Aſk the gay folks at Tunbridge Wells,
If Happineſs amongſt *them* dwells:
Haſte thence to Bath; for there you'll find,
Amuſing ſcenes of every kind,
Suited to every different ſtage,
The fire of youth—the froſt of age;
What joyous groups in every street,
Where beauty, rank, and faſhion meet;
Yet ah! my friend, how much I fear,
You'll not meet Happineſs ee'n there.
The gaieties of day and night,
Will put the lovely nymph to flight;
True Happineſs can nee'r be found
In Pleaſure's everlaſting round,
Pleaſure indeed we all purſue;
But what to ſome wears Pleaſure's hue,

Is but its ſhadow; and the wife
See pain beneath the thin diſguiſe.
Could ſuch gay folks reflect, they'd find
Amidſt the tumults of the mind,
A latent void ſubſiſting ſtill,
Which ſuch vain pleaſures ne'er can fill.
When, in my evening walk, I ſee
Yon cottage ſmoke beneath the tree,
Whoſe branches, ſpreading o'er the plain,
Defend it from the wind and rain;
There, I exclaim, in that lone cell,
Content and Peace muſt ſurely dwell.
But if, alas! I go too near,
What ſounds of diſcord meet my ear!
The children crying, and the wife
With her poor help-mate is at ſtrife;
For coming e'er the pot had boil'd,
Or lingering till the dinner ſpoil'd.
And thus theſe inmates of the cottage,
Diſputing o'er their meſs of pottage,
Or ſhivering round their ſmoaky fire,
May be as wretched as—the 'Squire:

And

And all with truth muſt own, I fear,
That Happineſs reſides not there.
  There are, that hope to find content,
(For ſocial beings only meant,)
While ſafe from Hymen's fetters free,
They riot in celibacy.
How vain their hopes! for, be it known,
He that would pleaſe *himſelf* alone,
By righteous heaven it is decreed,
The ſelfiſh wretch ſhall ne'er ſucceed.
  Would you then lead a happy life,
Firſt ſeek a tender virtuous wife;
For much, be ſure, depends on this,
On ſocial and domeſtic bliſs:
The kind affections unemployed,
The ſoul muſt feel a dreary void;
For mere amuſements ſoon will cloy,
And e'en your books afford no joy.
  A conſcience clear, a body free
From ev'ry painful malady;
Are prime ingredients, all confeſs,
To conſtitute our Happineſs.

Ye:,

POSTSCRIPT.

ON this trite ſubject every one hath ſome peculiar ſyſtem of his own; but moſt philoſophers concur in making happineſs conſiſt in tranquillity of mind, which is undoubtedly ſo far true, that unleſs the paſſions are under due regulation, and the mind perceives itſelf to be happy, we cannot *be* ſo. This, however, is little more than ſaying, that happineſs conſiſts in not being unhappy; For though ſtrength of mind and a ſenſe of religion, may enable us to bear adverſity or affliction with patience and decency, it cannot in itſelf make us happy. When a man labours under any calamity, ſuch as ſickneſs, poverty,

poverty, loſs of character, or the like, he ſhould endeavour to ſubmit with reſignation, to his deſtiny; yet few people in ſuch circumſtances can poſſeſs that tranquillity of *mind* which is eſſential to happineſs.

In ſhort, a concurrence of outward circumſtances, ſuch as a competence adequate to the demands of our ſtation, ſecurity from danger, the welfare of our friends and nearer connections, with health of body, without which there can hardly be peace of mind, ſeem indiſpenſibly neceſſary to complete the felicity of the moſt profound philoſopher or the moſt devout chriſtian.

N. B. The Author wrote the above lines without the leaſt recollection at the time of the piece of Parnell's beautiful Poem, "On Contentment," which he had not read for many years, though he has inſenſibly fallen into the ſame way of thinking.

IL PENSOROSO;

OR,

THE SEAT OF WOE.

TO MYSELF.

WHEN lonely thus, amidſt the bloom of May,
I trace this vale where ev'ry thing looks gay,
Where mountains, woods, and ſtreams, and meadows green,
Conſpire to form the ſweet, Arcadian ſcene;
While, on each buſh, the thruſh or linnet ſings,
And with their muſic, "*hill and valley*" rings:
Why does my heart thus ſicken as I ſtroll;
Why this ſad melancholy cloud my ſoul?
Where, wrapt in pleaſing thought, I wont to rove,
Beſide the chryſtal ſtream or verdant grove;

While

While num'rous friends on every ſide were found,
To animate the rural landſcape round;
Whoſe ſocial converſe I ſo oft enjoy'd;
Now all is loneſome and a dreary void.
Each object gives me pain, that charm'd before:
Scenes of paſt joys, which will return no more!
Ah! where are now thoſe kind aſſociates gone!
To what ſequeſter'd regions are they flown?
Where are thoſe friends, who, in my happier days,
With patient ear would liſten to my lays?
Where now the good Palæmon's placid mien,
Which mark'd the friendly family of Sk—e?
Or where my noble, hoſpitable friend,*
With whom the cheerful day I wont to ſpend?

* Lord W. Sir.

Ah

Ah! where thoſe lovely nymphs whoſe
blooming grace
Gave ten-fold charms to this *once* charming
place:
All! All! are fled, and I alone remain,
To mourn their loſs and ſigh, alas! in vain.
Or death, or abſence, or th' imperious call
Of wars alarms, have robb'd me of them all.
Their country's cause has baniſh'd them from
home,
O'er diſtant realms and hoſtile plains to roam.
Since curs'd Ambition from hell's gulf broke
looſe,
Could Gallia's patriotic ſons ſeduce,
To quit the ſweets of Peace and Freedom's
cauſe,
And ſpurn their neighbour's rights and na-
ture's laws.
Laviſh of blood and diſciplin'd to kill,
Till numbers fail their murd'rous ranks to fill.

Oh!

Oh! gentle Peace! return! and bring along,
Joy to my heart and rapture to my ſong.
Yet lo! the circling mountains raiſe their heads,
Theſe ſtately oaks their moſſy branches ſpread;
The flocks and herds along the meadows range,
And crop their food unconſcious of the change!
While I, forlorn, to gloomy pangs a prey,
Am far leſs happy now, alas! than they
Such is the preſent lot of mortal man!
Such Heav'n's all-wiſe, though yet unfiniſh'd plan,
To wean us from a tranſient world like this,
Deſtin'd for brighter ſcenes of endleſs bliſs!

PANEGYRICAL.

" Vellem in amicitia ſic eraremus, & iſti,
" Errori Virtus nomen poſuits et honeſtum."

HOR.

Let none the praiſe of partial friendſhip blame,
But GRATITUDE, not Flatt'ry be the name!

ANONYM.

TO

THE HON. AND REV. E. S—YM—R,

An Apology for not attempting the Panegyric of a Lady of High Rank.

A SLAVE too long to beauty and to love,
Tho' youthful fancy wildly wont to rove;
And ditties chaunt to many a rural maid
That bloom'd unknown, like violets in the ſhade;
Tho' every roſy cheek, within my breaſt
Could raiſe ſtrange tumults, not to be ſuppreſs'd:
Till vented by the Muſe, in ſuch rude lays,
As happly, unenlighten'd nymphs might praiſe:
Shall I, the loweſt of the tuneful throng,
Make S—ym—r's charms the ſubject of my Song:

By age exhauſted now my fancy's ſtore,
Shall I attempt ſuch lofty heights to ſoar?
By duty bound, what though their Muſes ſport—
Amidſt the faireſt beauties of the Court;
By ſuch inſpir'd, e'en Laureat's muſt deſpair
To pay juſt tribute to a face ſo fair.
When beauty, rank, and fortune thus unite,
They ſtrike with awe, and put the Muſe to flight.
Yet beauty's but the gilding of the ſhrine,
Where virtue, ſenſe, and brighter talents ſhine,
For, 'midſt the follies and the ſenſeleſs rage,
For novel ſyſtems of an impious age;
'Midſt gayeſt circles, S—ym—r boldly dares
To own, ſhe reads good books and ſays her prayers:
Nay, tho' her weakneſs Sceptics may deride,
Her Chriſtian *Title* is her greateſt pride.
But tho' ſuch charms might frozen age inſpire,
To paint their force demands a Pindar's lyre.

Yet ſee fair S—m—rset has laid aſide
The claims of birth—incentives oft to pride;
Her ſtate forgot, with condeſcenſion ſweet,
She deigns with ſmiles the awe-ſtruck bard to greet,
And proud to pleaſe,
She waves the rights to rank and merit due.
Yet, when her ſportive fancy ſhe diſplays,
Her charms rekindled dart more vivid rays,
And tho' ſubdu'd the luſtre of her eyes,
The wretch that dares approach, enraptur'd dies.
At diſtance then let me thoſe charms explore,
Which kings themſelves in ſilence muſt adore;
Thoſe charms by Hymen's laws ſecur'd to one,
May S—ym—r long poſſeſs in Hamilton.

THE

ROSE AND THE THISTLE;

Or, THE UNION.

As down the dewy lawn, at early day,
Whoſe ſides were fring'd with ſhrubs, I chanc'd to ſtray,
A damaſk Roſe its crimſon foliage ſpread
And all around reviving odours ſhed.
Smit with its blooming charms, I gaz'd, admir'd,
And thus addreſs'd it, as the Muſe inſpir'd.
"Hail! ſovereign flower; lov'd theme of every Bard!
Thy beauty and rich fragrance his reward,
No brighter tints the lover's partial eye
In Hamilton's* or Stella's cheeks can ſpy.

* Lady Charlotte, now Ds. of S———.

Monarchs

Monarchs of old, enamour'd of thy charms,
Have deem'd thee meet to deck the royal arms.
Emblem of joy! thy flow'rs the crown adorn;
Its cares expreſs'd by the emblematic thorn."
While thus due honour to the Roſe I pay'd,
Lo! at a modeſt diſtance in the ſhade,
A ſtately thiſtle* rose; while ſcarce way ſeen,
Its purple creſt, 'midſt leaves of pallid green;
And thus ſhe ſaid, (or ſeem'd to ſay,) like you
I give the Sov'reign Roſe its honour due;
But, tho' leſs bright my tint, yet you will find
My branches round the royal 'ſcutcheon twin'd,
True to the Britiſh Crown, well pleas'd I ſhare
Thoſe honours which my knights are proud to wear.

* A Thiſtle ſeven feet high in my diminitive ſhrubbery.

Tho'

TRUE HEROISM!

TO THE

*HON. LIEUT. GENERAL HARCOURT.**

" Cowards are cruel, but the brave
" Love mercy and delight to ſave."

GAY.

HEROES of old were, ſure, by heaven deſign'd,
For ſome wiſe end, the ſcourges of mankind,
Who rais'd their trophies on their numbers ſlain,
Deaf to the groans of heaps that ſtrew'd the plain.
The victor's wreath, and the triumphal car,
Taught them to ſlight the horrors of the war.

* N. B. The Author having been thrown from his horſe on the moſt unfrequented part of Claverton Down, and unable to move, was providentially relieved from his diſtreſſful ſituation by the humanity and very active exertions of Gen. Harcourt.

Tho'

Tho' modern Gauls well-pleas'd, ſuch
ſcenes can view,
And day by day their bloody deeds renew,*
The Britiſh Hero, on a nobler plan,
Fierce in the fight forgets not he's a man.
With pity views the carnage of the field,
And ſaves the proſtrate foe beneath his ſhield.
Thus H–rcourt, when on the Atlantic ſhore
His arms t' aſſert his country's claims he bore;
For courage fam'd, to greater glory roſe
By captives† taken, than by ſlaughter'd foes.
On Belgia's coaſts he now renews his fame;
Victorious oft, his valour ſtill the ſame:
Whether his troops the ſavage Gaul defeat,
Or, vengeful haraſs them in their retreat:
Not leſs humane and merciful than brave,
He feels leſs joy to *conquer* than to *ſave*.

* In their zeal for extirpating monarchs, they were ſaid at this time, to have given no quarter.

† He took Gen. Lee priſoner.

TEWKESBURY PARK:

The Seat of the deciſive Battle between the Houſes of York and Lancaſter, 1471.

An Hiſtorico—deſcriptive Sketch.

TO LIEUT. COLONEL JOHN WALL, OF THE LODGE, ESQ.

SHALL Cowper's hill,* or Windſor's foreſt† claim
Excluſive honours from the voice of Fame?
Hath princely Stowe‡ and Hagley Park§ ſo long,
And Stourhead's‖ claſſic ſcenes, been fam'd in ſong?

* Sir John Denham's Poem on that ſubject.
† Pope's Poem.
‡ Marquis of Buckingham's ſeat.
§ Lord Lyttleton's.
‖ Sir R. Hoar's.

Each

Each province now with ſelf-taught bards abounds,
And with perpetual ſtrains each hill reſounds;
And ſhall her tribute then the partial muſe
To *thy* fam'd Park,* fair Tewkeſbury, refuſe?
The ſcene of warlike deeds; tho' civil rage
Diſgrace with murd'rous acts th' hiſtoric page;
Where, in the blood-ſtain'd field, ſo bravely fought,
York gain'd at length the crown—too dearly bought.
From civil diſcord Brittain breath'd awhile,
And peace, long baniſh'd, bleſs'd the haraſs'd iſle.

* In a field at the bottom of the park, Edward IV. finally defeated Margaret of Anjou, Queen of Henry VI. and her General, Beaufort Duke of Somerſet, &c. After their defeat they took ſanctuary in the abbey, but were taken thence by force; the Queen impriſoned, her ſon Edward murdered, and the Duke of Somerſet beheaded.

Does Cowper's hill more noble ſcenes diſ-
play,
Or Thames, thro' meads more fertile, wind
its way?
Than deck Sabrina's ſweet romantic ſides,
Thro' which her copious ſtream triumphant
glides
Thro' meads with ſpring's perennial verdure
crown'd,
And groves that riſe in rich profuſion round?
And where of lowing herds a numerous breed
Along th' extenſive lawn ſecurely feed?
'Midſt theſe the Lodge* erects its modeſt
brow;
And views the wat'ry mirror ſhine below:
Where floating with the tide, the whitening
ſail
Of the tall veſſel flutters in the gale:
And while the ſilent ſcene we pleas'd ſurvey,
To diſtant coaſts it calmly ſpeeds its way.

* The neat box of J. Wall, Eſq.

Within

Within the hoſpitable dome, tho' plain,
Yet neatneſs, elegance, and plenty reign.
And while a cheerful welcome greets the gueſt;
We want no lux'ries t' improve the feaſt.
The Abby's* lofty towers we hence admire,
Which even in ruins awful thoughts inſpire;
And, with ſuch ſtate the gothic arches riſe,
Our modern paſte-board temples we deſpiſe.
Who can withhold the pity and the praiſe
Due to the pious zeal of ancient days?
When wealthy Thanes a liberal ſhare beſtow'd,
Of thoſe poſſeſſions, which to heaven they ow'd.
Who, tho' their errors modern times deride,
Shar'd with the church the pleaſure† and the pride.

* See Mr. Lyſone's exquiſitely pictureſque etchings of this beautiful ruin.

† The beauty of the painted windows and lofty arches.

There royal Margaret and her vanquiſh'd train,
With cloyſter'd nuns a ſanct'ary ſought in vain.
For York's ambition, England's crown the prize,
The church's threats, and heav'n itſelf defies,
Edward,* too young an equal war to wage,
Fell a ſad victim to the victor's rage:
Beaufort beheaded, and the captive queen,
Who grac'd the Yorkite's triumph, clos'd the ſcene.
There, ſcarce diſtinguiſh'd from the azure ſky,
Our Glo'ſter's diſtant turrets catch the eye.
There ſad Carnarvon's† laſt remains repoſe,
From whoſe rich ſhrine thoſe towers more ſtately roſe.

* Son to Margaret, who was murdered in a room ſtill ſhown.

† Edward (ſtyled of Carnarvon,) who was conſidered as a Martyr.

Here

Here Cheltenham's ſpire and mineral
ſprings we trace,
Where many a fair, and many a pimpled face,
For health or huſband's annually reſort,
And, late our much lov'd ſov'reign kept his
court.
There Cotswold's cliffs and Malvern's
heights combine
To form th' horizon's undulating line:
That line, tho' few know why,* which charms
us all,
And Connoiſeurs "*The Line of Beauty*" call.
Unnumber'd ſeats th' admiring ſtranger ſees,
Which riſe emboſom'd in the tufted trees;
There mitred Ely,† midſt the ſummer's heat,
Enjoys, rever'd, his literate retreat.
There Dowdſwell, veil'd in roſes, 'midſt her
friends,
Her cheerful eve of life, in health, extends.

* Docti rationem artis intelligent; indocti voluptatem.

† Dr. York has a ſeat and eſtate there.

And

And haply, 'midſt thoſe elms more cloſely veil'd,
Much learning link'd with beauty,* lives conceal'd:
While cottages with cultur'd farms unite,
And form'd in rural landſkape, charm the ſight.
But ſhonld I name the various† ſcenes around,
Where learning, beauty, worth, or wealth abound;
Tho' Tewkeſbury with pride the names would read,
The liſt would Homer's Catalogue‡ exceed.
But lo! where Breedon's eaſtern verge declines,
And Cotſwold's northern promontory joins;

* On a rising plat of ground.

† Croom, Todington, Batsford, Dailsford, &c.

‡ Of ships and their heroic leaders, 400 lines.

My

My native village* faintly meets my ſight;
Th' affecting bier has put the Muſe to flight,
I ſigh to think my youthful days are o'er;
And fancy, mirth, and pleaſure, are no more.

* Michleton.

COMB—HAY.

TO MRS. SM——LI.

STRANGER! while thro' theſe ſylvan ſhades you rove,
Where chryſtal ſtreams reflect th' inverted grove;
Where, crown'd with circling woods, the mountain's height,
And ſloping lawns harmonioufly unite;
Where all appears a fairy viſion, know!
To Myra's ſkill theſe lovely ſcenes you owe.
Tho' nature in her ſimpleſt dreſs can charm,
And every fine, poetic fancy warm;
Yet, unadorn'd by art, alas! how few
In their true light thoſe ſimple charms can view!

E'en

E'en Venus' ſelf, that rules in ev'ry breaſt,
Still pleaſes more, when by the graces dreſt.
Thus, tho' this landſkape nature has ſupplied,
Yet Myra ſure may boaſt, with venial pride,
That ſhe each ſlight defect with care conceal'd,
And ev'ry latent charm with art reveal'd;
Till the whole ſcene receives peculiar grace,
And all adore the Genius of the Place.*
No more their time then let our men of taſte
In vain diſputes and idle precepts waſte;
Let nature's champion, Kn-ght, the cauſe to her
And R-ppinton, the friend of art, refer;†

* The Ancients fancied every beautiful ſcene had a local Genius, whom they adored. Comb-hay has the ſame.

† Mr. Kn-ght, member for Ludlow, who wrote a poem on Landſkape Gardening; and Mr. R-ppington a profeſſional pupil of Mr. Browne, violent antagoniſts.

Let

Let them the conteſt to Comb—hay remove,
And each his title to precedence prove!
Their precepts there exemplified they'll find,
And art and nature amicably join'd.
Each ſmiles content with its allotted part;
Nature adorn'd, but not oppreſs'd with art.

THE

THE LOVER'S WALK.

SACRED to Hymen and the God of Love,
Approach with awe, ye fair, this hallow'd grove:
Such was, of old, that highly favour'd ſcene,
Where firſt Adonis met the Paphian queen.
Tho' no ſpontaneous roſes ſpring around,
Beneath theſe pines, as in poetic ground,
Or ſuch as, rais'd by Myra's magic ſkill,
In Winter bloom,* obedient to her will.
Yet here the Loves and Graces rove; and here
True lovers rove with pleaſure all the year.
Beneath theſe ſhades fly cupid wings his dart,
And often wounds the unſuſpecting heart.

* A well-ſupplied hot-houſe.

Here

Here firſt fair Harriot* liſten'd to his voice,
And made the young Britanicat her choice.
With juſtice then we conſecrate this grove
To conſtant friendſhip and to mutual love.

* The Hon. Miſs Tr-ay.

† Mr. H-b-ry.

CORSHAM.

CORSHAM-HOUSE.

Or, THE FAMILY RETURN.

TO PAUL M—TH—N, ESQ.

I, WHO thro' life amuſing ſcenes purſue,
Come, at four-ſcore, this charming place to view;
Where art and nature all their forces join,
To give perfection to the great deſign.
Without, tho' nature rules, the works of art
Within the manſion equal charms impart.
Whoſe viſions bright, as thoſe on fairy ground,
To feaſt each ſenſe and faculty abound.
Nor viſions all—of more ſubſtantial cheer,
The Epicure enjoys a banquet here.
Tho' I too feaſt, in this we diſagree,
That books and pictures are the *feaſt* for me.

With

With taſte ſelected here, in ev'ry kind,
Rare proofs of each great maſter's ſkill we find;
Whate'er the Italian artiſts can ſupply;
Or Flemiſh School, to charm the critic eye:
Portraits, hiſtoric groupes, or landſkapes fair,
The Connoiſſeur's enwrapt attention ſhare,
What genius e'er conceiv'd, or pencil drew,
All that conſummate ſkill or paint could do.
Yet thoſe that in this hoſpitable dome,
Shall view this cheerful family at home;
Where, 'midſt their progeny with venial pride,
The happy parents placidly preſide;
While filial and fraternal love unite
To fill their throbbing boſoms with delight;
Who this domeſtic picture can behold,
And not confeſs how languid and how cold
The warmeſt tints of Rubens' ſelf appear,
Match'd with the joyous group aſſembled here.
Art muſt lament, that colours are too faint,
The cherub ſmile, or ſparkling eyes to paint:
Or ſweet maternal tenderneſs deſcribe,
Careſſing, in their turn, the ſportive tribe.

Art

Art can preſent the ſurface to our view;
But nature only to herſelf is true.
Such ſcenes await us in the realms above;
The bliſsful ſeat of harmony and love!

The ſoil with moſs o'ergrown, and noxious weeds,
Now num'rous flocks in verdant paſtures feeds:
While buſy hinds, who various taſks purſue,
Preſent a cheerful landſkape to our view.
Wealth, thus employ'd, is heav'n's peculiar ſtore,
To bleſs the rich, and feed th' induſtrious poor.
May no French politics theſe proſpects blaſt,
And England's wealth and pow'r for ages laſt:
Till Ammerdown its ſocial ſhades extend
With Babington's primæval oaks to blend;
Then feuds and animoſities ſhall ceaſe,
And all be kindneſs, harmony, and peace.

A TO-

A TOPOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

OF THE

COUNTY OF SOMERSET.

" Salve! magna parens frugum, Somerſetia Tellus!
" Magna virûm."*

VIRG.

COULD I on eagle's pinions ſoar,
And all the wide expanſe explore;
From eaſt to weſt, from north to ſouth;
From Lansdown to the channel's mouth;
Thy wood-clad hills, thy plains outſpread,
From Alfred's tow'r† to Quantook's head;
And in one view the charms ſurvey,
Which Somerſet's rich vales diſplay:

* Virûm: " So are they all; all honourable men!"
SHAKSP.

† Alfred's Tower, near Stourhead.

Th' imagination would be fir'd,
As by Euterpe's ſelf inſpir'd;
The num'rous ſeats which there abound,
With decorated lawns around;
From Newton Park* to Dunſtan's height,†
Bleſt object to the ſailor's ſight!
With many a ſweet, romantic ſcene,
Delight of travellers! between.
There Glaſton's gothic arches riſe,
In awful ruins to the ſkies!
There Montreate's‡ majeſtic pile!
There Nettlecomb's§ rich paſtures ſmile:
And Heſtercomb,‖ her groves well known!
Burton,¶ Mell's-Park** and Babington:††

* The ſeat of Gore Langton, Eſq. our worthy and amiable Repreſentative.

† The ſeat of the Luttrel family.

‡ The ſeat of —— Phelips, Eſq.

§ Sir John Trevelyan.

‖ Of the late C. Warre Bampfylde, Eſq.

¶ The reſidence of the Counteſs Dowager of Chatham.

** Of Thomas Horner, Eſq.

†† Of Charles Knatchbull, Eſq.

Nor

Nor ſhall King's Weſton* be neglected,
While worth and probity's reſpected:
Nor yet that venerable ſpot
Sequeſter'd South-hill† be forgot.
Marſton‡ I almoſt fear to name;
By learned Boyle conſign'd to fame.
Fairfield§ and Stayning‖ I *would* praiſe,
But B—rl—d muſt deſpiſe my lays.
Lo! to the eaſt, methinks I ſee
The much frequented Orchard-Leigh!¶
We'll thence to Camerton** deſcend,
The manſion of my earlieſt friend:
Harptree,†† and many a villa more,
Which decorate Sabrina's ſhore.

* Of W. Dickenſon, Eſq. our worthy member.

† Seat of the Strodes, from the time of the Norman Conqueſt.

‡ Earl of Cork's.

§ —— Ackland's, Eſq.

‖ —— B--rl--d's, Eſq.

¶ Of —— Champneſs, Eſq.

** The late Philip Stevens, Eſq.

†† Of Joſhua Scrope's, Eſq.

Harp-

Should we to Bath our view extend,
Where would our airy proſpect end?
On ev'ry ſide, lo! many a ſeat
In taſte and elegance complete!
From right to left our viſion toſt,
In the bright galaxy is loſt.

But, ah! my colours are too faint
The landſkapes various charms to paint:
Homer an hundred tongues would aſk,
To execute the arduous taſk.
Enough for me theſe ſcenes to name,
Their beauties are well known to fame;
For all that England boaſts,* we find
In Somerſet's rich circuit join'd:
Her mountains, ſprings, and churches fair,
And lovely nymphs beyond compare.

* Anglia, mons, fons, pons, eccleſia, fœmina, lana.
" For mountains, fountains, bridges, churches fair,
" For wool, for women, England's paſt compare."

N. B. The pariſh churches in Somerſet, are remarkably beautiful ſpecimens of gothic architecture.

Happy

Happy thoſe rural nymphs and ſwains
That rove amidſt theſe bliſsful plains!
And what, but groundleſs diſcontent,
Some vice or folly, can prevent
The happineſs of thoſe that live
'Midſt all the bleſſings heav'n can give?
What mortal then can here repine,
When ſuch, fair Somerſet, are thine.

TO

PRINCE HOARE, Esq.

CRITICS who judge by rig'rous laws the ſtage,
Indignant cenſure this fantaſtic age;
Who charm'd with toys, their infant taſte retain,
And wit and manly ſenſe ſtill plead in vain:
Who go leſs pleas'd to *hear* a play, than *ſee*;
Where all is idle ſhow and pageantry.
Nor ought we their ſeverity to blame—
Yet folly, deaf to laws, may yield to ſhame:
Hoare ſurely then, adopts a wiſer part,
Laughs at our faults and* *plays about* the heart;

* Circumpræcordia ludit.——PERS.

With

With humorous farces and with dramas' chaſte,
Corrects our morals and refines our taſte:
True to the ſtage's moſt important ends,*
Inſtructs the public and delights his friends.

* Unt prodeſſe volunt ant delectare.——Hor.

ON

ON THE

LATE RAINY SEASON.

TO —— ——, ESQ.

WHILE daily thus inceſſant rains
Ruſh from the clouds and drench the plains;
And torrents delµge every road,
No prudent man would ſtir abroad.
How then, confin'd at home, my friend,
Shall we this dreary ſeaſon ſpend?
Each jovial crew the rain defies;
" We'll ſmoke and drink, (old Soaker cries;)
" Without, while damps aſſault the ſkin,
" We'll warm ourſelves with Port within."
But you, in conſcious virtue bleſt,
(Perpetual ſunſhine in your breaſt)

Tho'

Tho' war, with horrid din of arms,
Each nation of the globe alarms,
And on your roof loud tempeſts beat,
Enjoy your elegant retreat,
And calmly, in th' hiſtoric page,
Survey the crimes of ev'ry age;
Convinc'd that Heav'n makes all things tend,
By various means to one great end.

Perhaps with rapture you peruſe
The ſcenes of ſome deſcriptive Muſe;
In which, beneath unclouded ſkies,
The blooming flow'rs ſpontaneous riſe;
For all the ſeaſons of the year,
In verſe, with equal charms appear.

But would you your *own* thoughts purſue,
(As I, a frantic rhymer, do,)
Amuſe yourſelf, at vacant times,
And deck them in harmonious rhymes;
Or, with enthuſiaſtic fire,
Like AN*S*Y, ſtrike the claſſic lyre;
Like H*R*INGT*N, in antique dreſs,
With "mickle mirth" your thoughts expreſs;

Let

Let rain in cataracts come down,
And all your new-ſown acres drown;
Or drive your cattle down the ſtream,
You'd ſtill enjoy your favorite theme.
Your tenfold taxes cheerful pay,
And rhyme and ſcribble night and day.

DAN-

DANMONRÆ LAUDES;

OR,

THE WORTHIES OF DEVONSHIRE.

FRUITFUL in all that human life can cheer,
To Devon's ſons their country's juſtly dear;
Fruitful in heroes, or by land or ſea,
Raleigh and Drake derive their birth from thee;
Fruitful in genius, ſhe can boaſt her Gay,
And many a Poet of the preſent day:
But, in the ſiſter art, more fertile ſtill,
She boaſts her Painters of conſummate ſkill;
Thence Hudſon, firſt in time, if not in fame,
Amidſt the group, deſerves no vulgar name;
Beyond the life he ſwell'd the flowing line,
Yet lace and velvet made his portraits—*fine.*

In

In Hudſon's ſchool fam'd Reynold's courſe
begun;
Where much to learn he ſaw, and much to
ſhun;
From Rome, the ſeat of Arts, with knowledge
fraught,
He to our Engliſh School perfection brought;
And, when by time his paintings ſhall decay,
His writings will his wond'rous ſkill diſplay.
By Woolcote's aid, e'er Opie had appear'd,
Northcote was known, and for his ſkill re-
ver'd:
And had his merits met their full reward,
Had Pindar deign'd *his* praiſes to record,
His talents more celebrity might claim,
And Northcote juſtly ſhare Sir Joſhua's*
fame.

* Sir Joſhua Reynolds.

HORACE'S ODE II. B. 2.

" Quid bellicoſus Cantaber and & Scythes
" —Cogitet—&c."

IMITATED.

I.

WHAT the ferocious Gaul intends,
Or Spaniard, who their navy lends,
Againſt his will, our foe:
Ceaſe to inquire! For, let them boaſt,
They ne'er ſhall reach the Britiſh coaſt,
Suffice it this to know!

II.

Thank heav'n! the ocean rolls between,
O'er which Britannia rules as Queen;
Nor fears what France can do:
Should they the rich of wealth bereave,
They ſtill, my friend, muſt ſurely leave,
Enough for me and you.

III.

Life does not want this vain parade,
Why then ſhould you be thus afraid,
Who ſhare Thalia's ſtore?
Give us but health and competence,
We both, I truſt, have too much ſenſe,
To wiſh—or care for more.

IV.

Alas! my friend, with rapid pace,
Your ſportive youth and ev'ry grace,
That decks your perſon, fly:
While wither'd age, with equal ſpeed,
And cares, to am'rous joys ſucceed,
And gentle ſleep deny.

V.

The vernal flowers that now ſo fair,
With balmy ſweets perfume the air,
Will loſe their blooming grace:
The ruddy moon, that now ſo bright,
Spreads o'er the ſky her ſilver light,
Will wear a diff'rent face.

VI. Why

VI.

Why then ſhould we, my worthy friend,
Inceſſantly our toil attend?
And while the day is fine,
Why not, with cheerful hearts, retreat,
And take our glaſs on yonder ſeat,
Beneath that lofty pine?

VII.

Wine diſſipates the biting cares,
Which ev'ry mortal ſometimes ſhares,
And makes the heart right glad:
A copious ſtream runs thro' my court,
Let Joe then cool our ardent port,
For Joe's an active lad!

VIII.

And let fair Lydia haſte along;
And give us one cæleſtial ſong;
If haply ſhe be found:
For Lydia ſtrolls about, I wot,
Like Venus, in a careleſs knot,
Her lovely treſſes round.*

* I have always admired the eaſy ſimple cloſe of ſeveral Odes of Horace; particularly Ode V. B. 2. where he compares

pares the unconcerned manner with which Regulus returns on his parole to Carthage, though he knew he ſhould be put to torture; with that of an eminent lawyer, going (after the Term) to his country ſeat, at Richmond or Windſor, &c.

" Tendens Venafranos in agros
" Aut Lacedæmonium Tarentum."

And Od. 31. B. 1.——" Turpem ſenectam,
" Degere, nec cythará carentem."

TO

TO

AMOS GREEN, Esq.

In return for a beautiful Drawing of his, conveyed to me by Mrs. C—de.

THO' winter ſoon will cloſe th' autumnal
ſcene,
Your landſkapes, Amos, will be ever *green*;
Still blooming as the charms of lovely C—de,
Tho' ſeaſons change, your tints ſhall never
fade.
But ah! this token of your kind regard,
Is ill repaid by *rhymes* from ſuch a Bard:
A *Poet* ſhould record a Painter's name,
My rhymes, I fear, will ſully your bright
fame.

Let

Let Shenſtone's* proſe then, for he knew
thee well,
Let *Truth*'s, not Fiction's tongue, thy merits
tell.

* She his Letter the 90th.

CON-

CONSOLATORY SMILES.

As thro' the ſtreet I ſtroll, my gloomy breaſt,
With real or with fancied ills oppreſt,
Some ſtately prieſt or empty fop I meet,
Who proudly turn aſide, or coldly greet.
Their pride a wiſe man would deſpiſe I ween,
And ſo do I—yet they augment my ſpleen.
But if ſome lovely nymph, like Lady ——,
With ſmiling, friendly aſpect, croſs my way,
Who, happy in herſelf, to all extends
Thoſe ſweet regards with which ſhe greets her friends,
As oft the ſun when miſts obſcure the dawn,
Darts thro' the clouds his beams and gilds the lawn;
Her winning *ſmiles* and beauty's cheering ray,
Diſpells the gloom and every thing looks gay.

FRU-

FRUGALITY

THE

SOURCE OF GENEROSITY.

On the liberal Subſcription of £2000 by a Country Gentleman for the Defence of the Country, 1798.

RICHES poſſeſs'd by men of worth and ſenſe,
The joys of life to multitudes diſpenſe;
Yet half the ills that plague mankind we're told,
Spring from the baneful influence of gold:
And *Miſers* are the Bard's perpetual theme;
Who never gold beheld—but in a dream;
Who thinks a man with ſixpence in his purſe,
Deſerves the Poet's laſh, the Spendthrift's curſe:

And

And ſwears, tho' he himſelf's not worth a groat—
Œconomy's beneath a wiſe man's thought.
But be it by theſe Spendthrifts underſtood!
That who *ſaves moſt*, has power to do *moſt* good:
Who to himſelf thoſe luxuries denies,
From whence the poor with comforts he ſupplies:
And ſhould his country's cauſe his aid demand,
He *laviſhes* his wealth with *liberal* hand.
Such men deſerve th' applauſe of every tongue;
Know then! one ſuch there is—his name is L—NG.

A COR-

A

CORPORATION FEAST

AT

BATH.

——"Satur eſt cum dicit Horatius Evœ!"*

JUVEN.

ALL that good cheer and ſocial mirth afford,
We've this day taſted at the feſtive board;
No more let rural Mayors or City feaſts,
And Aldermen, provoke malignant jeſts:
Nor envious Bards, excluded from the treat,
Blaſpheme the cuſtard,† which they long to eat!

* A Bard, when hungry, is often very dull,
But ſings with rapture! when his belly's full.

ANONYM.

† Butler's remains.

Behold!

Behold! at Bath, to check the ſcurril ſneer,
A group of gentlemen, incorporate there!
For ſcience and for lib'ral manners known,
Whoſe feaſts are ſumptuous, th' expence *their* own!*
There H–rr—ton aſſumes the guardian care;
There M–yſ–y deign'd to grace the Prætor's chair,
Nor does this city boaſt her P–lm–r† leſs;
Whom ev'ry faithful lover's board to bleſs!
Thoſe favour'd gueſts, who at this banquet ſit,
Enjoy a "*Feaſt* of *Reaſon*," and of wit,
Diveſted of their ſtate, intent to pleaſe,
Here Lords with Commoners, converſe at eaſe:
With Thynne‡ and Arden, C–md–n conde-ſcends,
From public cares, to gratify his friends;

* Partly; the allowance being ſeldom ſufficient.

† Whoſe active genius projected the more expeditious conveyance of letters.

‡ Our Repreſentatives and Recorder.

Yet

Yet 'midſt the ſocial glaſs, promotes the cauſe
Of loyalty and reverence for the laws.
But thoſe, who fraught with ſpleen or ſtoic pride,
Theſe free convivial meetings would deride;
Who, foes to order, to the good and wiſe,
Would teach the crowd their rulers to deſpiſe;
Let them to France and Anarchy reſort!
With Jacobins enjoy their *barb'rous* ſport,
Go feaſt on ſallad, learn a frog to carve,
And with Republicans be *ſlaves*—and ſtarve.

AN INVETERATE

RHYMER'S FAREWELL

TO THE

MUSES.

Written in a Morning's Walk at Stourhead.

STILL charm'd with groves and lawns and
winding ſtreams,
And all the witchery of poetic dreams:
While theſe gay viſions realiz'd by *Hoare*,
Still warm my fancy, active at fourſcore;
While num'rous friends, attentive to aſſuage
The various ills that hover round old age;
With kindneſs undeſerv'd, politely ſtrive
To keep my languid love of life alive:
How can I wiſh theſe comforts to forego,
The charms which theſe Arcadian ſcenes be-
ſtow?

But

MATERNAL DESPOTISM;

OR,

*THE RIGHTS OF INFANTS.**

UNHAND me nurſe! thou ſaucy quean!
What does this female tyrant mean?
Thus, head and foot, in ſwathes to bind,
'Spite of the "Rights of human kind;"
And lay me ſtretch'd upon my back,
(Like a poor culprit on the rack;)
An infant, like thyſelf, born free,
And independent, ſlut! on thee.
Have I not right to kick and ſprawl,
To laugh or cry, to ſqueak or ſquall!
Has ever, by my act and deed,
Thy *right* to rule me been decreed?

* In alluſion to Payne's "Rights of Man:" and Mrs. Wolſtoncroft's "Rights of Women."

How dar'ſt thou, deſpot! then controul
Th' exertions of a free-born ſoul?
Tho' now an infant, when I can,
I'll riſe and ſeize "The Rights of Man;"
Nor make my haughty nurſe alone,
But monarch's tremble on their throne;
And boys and kings thenceforth you'll ſee,
Enjoy complete *Equality*.

DOGREL

DOGREL RHYMES;*

Or, THE RIGHTS OF DOGS.

On the Propoſal for diminiſhing the Conſumption of Food, by ſtarving the Dogs.

AGAINST THE TYRANNY OF MAN!

CAN it, ye Britons, then be true?
Was this dire ſcheme deviz'd by you?
A ſcheme, humanity's diſgrace,
To maſſacre an harmleſs race!
Ah no! ſome Jacobin began
This yet unheard-of claim of man:
This charter for himſelf to carve,
And all his fellow-brutes to ſtarve.
Return Tom Paine! high fed with frogs,
And vindicate "The *Rights of Dogs.*"

* N. B. Written in conſequence of an humane and ingenious Letter by John Taylor, Eſq. in the Bath Herald.

Poor Stella! by thy looks I ſee
This plot is not unknown to thee:
This curſe on thy devoted head,
Robbed of thy due—"A cruſt of bread."
Thy looks ſhould our compaſſion move,
Thoſe looks of hunger and of love.
Shall tyrant Man! array'd in power,
Heaven's choiceſt gifts *alone* devour?
And his domeſtic ſlave not dare
The refuſe of his board—to share?—
By night the wolves;—in open day
The lions boldly ſeize their prey;
And all the beaſts that range the fields,
Un-envied eat what nature yields:
Shall Dogs, that left their native woods
To guard our manſions and our goods;
Watch o'er our flocks, our conſtant friend,
And fondly on our ſteps attend;
Shall they alone be diſregarded,
Their faithful ſervice unrewarded?
Forbid it heaven!—It muſt not be;
Nor *Man* renounce *humanity*:

Con-

Confound, ye Gods! th' excluſive plan;
Confound each *ſelfiſh* ſcheme of man!
No *Herald** then the fact proclaim!
No *Chronicle** record our ſhame!
Let not the *Sun** the deed behold!
Nor in our *Journals** be it told!
This truth *Courier** nor *Star** advance,
Nor tell it to our *Friends* in France!
But when both Dogs and Men are rotten,
Be it eternally forgotten!

* Newſpapers.

THE

RIGHTS OF REPTILES.

TO A BEAUTIFUL YOUNG SNAIL.

EMBLEM of patient reſignation!
Contented in thy lowly ſtation:
Who free from feuds and noiſy ſtrife,
Peaceful and *ſilent* paſs *thro'* life:
Nor led by giddy freaks aſtray,
You calmly ſteal along the way;
From Virtue's path ne'er turn aſide,
Tho' often trampled on by Pride;
And *cruſh'd* beneath oppreſſion's weight
By haughty man, who ſtruts in ſtate!
Tho' *ſlow*, to one chief point you tend;
Yet, *ſure* at laſt to gain your end:

Poor,

Poor, unoffending, gentle Snail!
My counter part—poor Reptile hail!
Tho' *horns* you have, they're not to *ſound*;
But guard yourſelf—not others wound:
Yet often ſheath'd within their ſocket,
As men ſometimes *their horns* will pocket.
Your houſe—and what few things you lack,*
You wiſely carry on your back:
For in theſe times we all have found,
Baſe thieves and houſebreakers abound.
Your houſe, a ſhell of various hues;
Not children only to amuſe,
But, if a Virtuoſo gains,
His *joy* o'er-pays a twelvemonth's *pains*.†
You ſometimes feaſt upon our fruit,
Your languid ſpirits to recruit:
But is *excluſive* right then given,
To man! of all the gifts of heaven?

* "Omnia mea mecum porto," ſays the Philoſopher.

† See the character of Sir Geoffry Gimercoke in the Tatler, I think.

Oh!

Oh! I deteſt ſuch ſelfiſh dealings,
So uncongenial with my *feelings*.
Snails ſurely are our fellow-creatures,
Tho' ſome *ſlight* difference in our features;
And when their race perfection* reaches,
Snails too may have their plumbs and peaches,
And *intereſt* pay, when in their pow'r,
For all our fruit which they devour.
Come then, and on *my* peaches feed;
And, tho' too numerous your breed;
I would not cruſh you for the world—
But, to my neighbour's garden hurl'd,†
Make him contribute his aſſiſtance;
To *meliorate* your ſhort exiſtence:
For in this wiſe, enlighten'd age,
Equality is quite the rage;

* See the modern writers on Perfectibility.

† I put this caſe to a French Caſuiſt; Which was the greater ſin; to kill a Snail, or throw him into your neighbours garden? He determined the latter, contrary to my opinion.

And if, by *toil*, you've gain'd great ſtore,
You're bound to *aid* the *idle* poor.
When Sol thro' miſts emits his ray,
And winter's gloom contracts the day,
Retir'd within your humble cell,
At home, like me, you love to dwell;
There doze away *your* vacant time,
While I, more idle read—and rhyme:
Thus a Recluſe I live, like you;
Poor, harmleſs Reptile! then Adieu!

MUR-

MURDER AND ADULTERY:

OR,

CHASTITY POLLUTED.

——Scelus est jugulare Falernum.——MAR.

My *wine* is good, not better has the king;
My *water*'s pure, from yon Caſtalian ſpring,
Of each, *alone* Sir, you may drink your fill;
Of wine—a dozen bumpers, if you will;
But why good wine with water thus dilute?
Or why th' unſullied Lymph with wine pollute?
Wine mix'd with water, moſt wiſe men agree,
Is downright *Murder and Adultery*.

The

The water ſoil'd, is like a wife unchaſte;
And wine, thus murder'd, palls upon the taſte.*
If then with me, my friend, you wiſh to dine,
Drink *water* if you pleaſe, but ſpare my *wine*.

* I am convinced, by my own experience, at leaſt, that wine and water palls the ſtomach. Drink your wine firſt and your water after it. Sydenham recommends "Cereviſia tenuis," or table beer, as the moſt wholeſome beverage.

BOTANY.

BOTANY-BAY.

A NEW SONG.

To the Tune of—"By Jove! I'll be free."

I.

COME all ye young virgins, ſo frolic and fair,
Who the market have tried—and of huſbands deſpair;
Bid adieu! to old England, and trip it away,
And join the bold convicts at Botany-Bay.
At Botany-Bay;
And join the bold Convicts at Botany-Bay.

II.

If ſlighted by neighbours, to ſcandal inclin'd,
For having been once to a lover too kind;
Deſpiſe their baſe cenſure; come trip it away,
And join the bold Convicts at Botany-Bay.
At Botany-Bay, &c.

III Among

III.

Among five hundred felons, a man you may
chuſe,
Who like you too has no reputation to loſe;
Then ſolace each other by night and by day,
No ſcandal can hurt you at Botany-Bay.
At Botany-Bay, &c.

IV.

Tho' a thief or a robber, in that common-
weal,
Live honeſt he muſt—where there's nothing
to ſteal;
And where halters are plenty; for Botaniſt's
ſay,
The fineſt of hemp grows at Botany-Bay.
At Botany-Bay, &c.

V.

How happy you'll live in your peregrination,
Where you've nothing to do but attend pro-
creation;

The

The more children you get, the better you'll pay
Your debt to old England at Botany-Bay.
At Botany-Bay, &c.

VI.

From ſuch worthy parents each worthy deſcendant
May hereafter grow rich—and become *independent*,
Then laugh at old England, who ſent you away,
And ſo happily plac'd you at Botany-Bay.
At Botany-Bay, &c.

VII.

Our American friends, by Frenchmen deceiv'd,
From fancied oppreſſion may think they're reliev'd;

Tho'

Tho' for England's mild laws they'll have
deſpotic ſway,
But we hope better things from Botany-Bay.
At Botany-Bay, &c,

N. B. This was written during the American conteſt; which however terminated better to each party than was expected.

JOHN

JOHN BALL's* SEDITIOUS TEXT.

" When Adam delv'd, and Eve ſpun,
" Who was then a Gentleman?"

ANSWER.

WHEN naked all, like Eve and Adam,
Your Joan might be as good as Madam;
And, tillage then the only trade,
We all had learnt to uſe the ſpade.
But, tho' mankind are ſtill the ſame,
And *equal rights* by nature claim;
Yet, if no ſocial laws exiſted,
And every man did what he liſted;
If all mankind muſt *dig* or *ſpin*,
You'd have no covering but your ſkin.

* A fanatic prieſt in the Reign of Richard II. who by his ſeditious ſermons and rhymes, without reaſon, ſowed the ſeeds of Wat Tyler's Rebellion.

For,

For, who would weave, or be your taylor?
Who'd be a ſoldier or a ſailor?
Who'd make your tables or your ſhelves?
'Troth! you muſt make them all yourſelves.
Let each man then aſſiſt his neighbour,
And each perform ſome uſeful labour:
Thus various arts would be invented,
And thoſe, now poor and diſcontented,
Might ſoon grow rich, by labouring more;
While *lazy* folks muſt needs be poor:
For why ſhould they, who take no pains,
Rob others of their honeſt gains?
While ſome obey, and ſome command,
And each man lends an helping hand;
While thoſe beſt ſkill'd, the veſſel ſteer,
Each may be happy in his ſphere.
In ſhort, 'tis evident, you ſee,
That different ranks there needs muſt be;
There muſt be then, ſay what you can,
That *dreadful* thing—a Gentleman!

ON THE

VOLUNTARY SUBSCRIPTIONS

FOR

INTERNAL & EXTERNAL DEFENCE.

——" His ſword the brave man draws,
" And wants no omen but his Country's cauſe."

BRITANNIA, Queen of Iſles! by heav'n deſign'd
To guard the ſocial rights of human kind;
Where genuine freedom gilds the fertile plains,
And pure Religion, *yet* unbaniſh'd, reigns;
Where equal laws all ranks, well-pleas'd obey,
Secur'd from Kings' or Mobs' tyrannic ſway:
Now arm'd to drive invaders from the land,
Her patriotic ſons embodied ſtand.

He,

He, that to guard from a barbarian horde
His country's freedom, would not draw his sword,
Deserves to be a slave;—yet he does worse,
In such a cause who would not draw his purse.

DOMESTIC COMFORT,

OR,

SATURDAY NIGHT's EMPLOYMENT.

WHO e'er has ſeen on Afric's ſandy ſhoar,
Where ſavage monſter's lurk and lions roar;
Burſt from th' entangled thicket in her way
An hungry tigreſs ruſhing on her prey:
In vain the hunter's ſhouts aſſault her ears,
She ſcorns their clamours and defies their ſpears;
Unawed amidſt th' attacks of dogs and men,
She bears her prize, triumphant to her den.
With equal fury, arm'd with mops and brooms,
The headſtrong houſe-maid traverſes your rooms:
No force her operations can withſtand;
Nor gods nor men arreſt her ſcouring hand.

About

About her waiſt her twiſted apron's bound;
On pattens rais'd ſhe ſtalks the apartments round.
Her floating batteries daſhing from her pail,
By hydroſtatic laws the walls aſſail.
Her roſy arms their wonted labours ply,
Chairs, tables, ſophas, ſkreens before her fly.
In vain her reverend maſter ſtorms and frets,
Madam commands, and Nancy ſcorns *his* threats.
His books and papers ſcattered on the floor:
He *ſwears;* ſhe laughs, and ſings and ſcrubs the more;
(For evils in domeſtic life there are,
Nor this the leaſt, would make a *parſon* ſwear)
Till wet and damp each room, the ſaucy quean,
Now proudly boaſts, "The *houſe for once* is clean;"
For *wet* and *clean*, with ev'ry Britiſh dame,
Say what you pleaſe, will always mean the ſame.

DEVOUT MEDITATIONS:

OR,

SUNDAY NIGHT'S AMUSEMENTS.

Heu! pietas; heu! priſca fides!

WHEREVER numerous parties meet,
From Portland—to St. James's Street;
Or ſharpers prey upon the ſilly,
From Charing Croſs to Piccadilly;
To all the world CLARINDA's known,
The life, the centre of the ton;
To th' idle, profligate, or gay,
Her houſe is open, night and day;
Where, Vice and Folly in a league,
They loiter, gamble, or intrigue.
As the old ting-tang,* or ſaints bell,
Calls folks to church by its ſharp knell—

* As ladies of this deſcription were probably never in a country church, they muſt know, this little bell, called the Saint's-bell, is rung when the ſervice is juſt beginning---and by its quick motion ſeems to expreſs, "Come! all as will come."

"Come, all as will come," all are welcome;
(If they will *play*) let imps from hell come:
For, be it known, to fill her rout,
Five hundred Cards are ſent about,
On that bleſt day which man and beaſt,
By heaven's command, devote to *reſt*.
Hear this, good Chriſtians all, and tremble,
While *you*, in godly ſort aſſemble
To ſay your prayers, or hear a ſermon,
(Refreſhing! as the dew of Hermon)
Theſe furies hold their horrid rites,
Like witches on the Sunday nights.
And, ſpite of laws, divine and civil,
Invite the World,* the Fleſh,† and Devil.‡
Open for Vice a public ſchool
To allure the young from Virtue's rule;
Divert the old till their laſt breath,
From thinking on th' approach of death;
'Till unawares this thoughtleſs band
Die, with four *Honours* in their hand.§

* Lady ——. † Lady ——. ‡ Mrs. ——, &c.

§ Ace, King, Queen, and Knave.

A ſenſe of ſhame, it is hoped, has of late given ſome check to theſe indecencies.

THE

DOMESTIC DESPOT;

OR,

THE HEROIC TAYLOR.

THO' want of Liberty's the cant,
'Tis all but democratic rant—
Tho' royal deſpots are a curſe,
Domeſtic tyrants ſtill are worſe.
But now and then Kings can do wrong—
At home, we're tortur'd all day long;
And when thoſe ſlaves (that *ſhould* obey)
Our wives—uſurp tyrannic ſway,
This, ſure, no mortal man can bear;
'Twould almoſt make a parſon ſwear.
A taylor and his buxom wife
Liv'd quite a faſhionable life;

He

He ſtill at home; *ſhe* always out,
A reſtleſs goſſip, ſtroll'd about:
Having no children to amuſe
Her leiſure hours, ſhe liv'd on news.
For ſovereignty they often ſtrove;
She a fierce hawk, he a meek dove.

One morning, croſs-leg'd like a Turk,
Poor Snip ſate harmleſs at his work;
'Twas *ſmall-cloaths* for the ſquire, of ſilk:
"Come down!" cries ſhe, "and fetch the milk."

This language too deſpotic ſeem'd,
Not fit for wives, the good man deem'd.
Poor Snip demurr'd; tho' much afraid;
Yet reſolutely diſobey'd.
Her fury now began to rouſe;
She wrench'd the *breeches* from her ſpouſe—
Nay, pull'd her ſultan down at once,
Belabour'd him—about the ſconce
With her ſhoe-heel and arm ſo able;
Then ſhov'd him underneath the table:

"There

THE PROXY.

I.

SURVEY the conduct of mankind;
Unless it too much shocks ye,
His duty no one does, you'll find
For all is done by Proxy.

II.

To every office should you go,
The Principal but mocks ye;
He's at his country-seat, I trow,
His business done by Proxy.

III.

The King himself, who steers the helm,
And Britain, firm as rock, see!
Sails steadily—yet still the realm,
In fact, is rul'd by Proxy.

IV. For

IV.

For Howe, with Hood, and ſome few more,
From cut-throats ſafely locks ye;
And keeps ſecure the Britiſh ſhore;
But they too have their Proxy.

V.

Some Admirals and Generals fight,
Who never camp or dock—ſee;
But plagu'd with gout, keep out of ſight,
And fail or fight by Proxy.

VI.

When, gone to ſea, the tar behind
Is forced to leave his doxy;
On his return he oft' will find,
She's pregnant grown by Proxy.

VII.

The coachman, if inclin'd to nap,
And ſleep upon the box, he
Will give the reins to ſome bold chap,
And drive his coach by Proxy.

VIII.

THE

POLICE DISARMED.

" Da veniam oro, verae confors Columbae."

Juv.

In Bath, tho' pleaſure keeps her ſplendid
court;
Of rich and idle folks the bleſt reſort;
Where routs and concerts, feaſts, the ball,
the play,
Exhilerate the night and cheer the day:
She yet, with vagrant throngs infeſted, grieves
Of lame and blind, of proſtitutes and thieves.
Th' offenſive ſight of this diſaſt'rous crew,
Hurts the *fine* feelings of the happier few.
The magiſtrate in wrath the nuiſance ſaw;
Hurl'd from his bench the thunder of the law:
Forth

Forth ruſh'd his myrmidons, of office proud,
Swept from the ſtreets the miſerable crowd:
No more the lame, the blind, the old unſeen;
But, for her nymphs alarm'd, the Paphian queen,
As when her Trojan ſon, in flowing veſt,
She kindly met,* like mortal damſel dreſt,
Deſcends, with ſmiles the ruffian bard to greet,
The lictors charm'd, ſtopp'd ſhort in Garrard-ſtreet.†
There youth and beauty ſtor'd, diſplay their charms,
And take the caſual lover to their arms:
The laws and lictors there indulgent prove,
And bow ſubmiſſive at the ſhrine of love.

* Virg. En.

† The retreat of injured innocence.

ON THE

PRESENT LOOSE DRAPERY

OF THE

FAIR SEX.

LADIES of old, 'twas underſtood,
Were poor frail creatures, fleſh and blood!
Too prone their virtue to ſurrender
To ev'ry ſaucy, bold pretender:
Who, from within by rebels aided,
Th' aſſault could rarely be evaded.
Yet, anxious to continue chaſte,
With whale-bone they ſecur'd the waiſt;
Which, ſtiff with buckram, lac'd and twiſted,
The fierce invader's force reſiſted:
Thus arm'd with ſtays and female pride,
Her lovers many a nymph defy'd.

But

But now, like angels, chaſte and pure,
With rigid Virtue's ſhield ſecure,
The gate's thrown open, cautions ceaſe,
The nymph enjoys herſelf in peace.*

What, tho' ſhe has laid aſide her ſtays,
From Duty's path ſhe rarely ſtrays:
Her zone ſhe binds beneath her breaſt,
And only veils with lawn the reſt:
And tho' by foes ſometimes bombarded,
She leaves the citadel unguarded:
Still to herſelf and Virtue true,
She fears not what vain man can do.†

* Apertis otia portis.——Hor.

† I hope there will not be thought any thing indelicate in this deſcription of what the ladies do not think ſo in their ſtyle of dreſs.

TO THE LOVELY LADY ———.

WITH beauty ſuch, as rarely here below,
The fates vouchſafe on mortals to beſtow:
The native roſes blooming in her cheeks,
Martia from art ſuperfluous luſtre ſeeks;
And not contented with her envied doom
Aſpires to dazzle with cæleſtial bloom.
By Nature thus adorn'd, can then alas!
Fair Marcia's ſkill the work of heaven ſurpaſs?
Inſtead of Life's warm tints, a lifeleſs, cold,
Unanimated *Picture* we behold.
Her own good ſenſe to faſhion thus a ſlave,
By art deſtroys the charms which nature gave.

MY

MY PICTURE.

THO' inſignificant thro' life, I'm told,
I famous grow, by merely growing old:
Nor friends alone, but every man I meet,
With gracious greetings ſtops me in the ſtreet;
And ſeems to envy me my bleſt condition,
To have my Picture in the exhibition.
By Northcote painted! and ſo like, you'd ſwear,
That I myſelf, in gown and ſcarf, were there.
Hear then, my friends, the counſel that I give;
Live ſober lives, if long you wiſh to live,
Be wiſe! be good! in no purſuits engage,
Deſtructive of the reverence due to age.
And then do what you pleaſe, 'tis much the ſame,
If you live long, you'll haply riſe to fame:
Or, what is a much more comfortable truth,
In age enjoy the cheerful health of youth.

THE

UNIVERSAL REMEDY.

My grand-mother, old Mrs. Shandy,
Is a great friend to *right French Brandy*
I often call upon her, and I,
Am always forc'd to take ſome brandy:
If you are ſick, ſhe'll then *command* ye,
To take a glaſs of good French brandy:
If you are well—the bottle's handy,
She'll *recommend* a ſip of brandy.
Have you a cold? No ſugar-candy
Is half ſo good as a little brandy:
If hot and faint, you'll find good brandy,
Believe me, Sir, "Solamen grande:"*

* A great comfort.

Fatigu'd

Fatigued at cricket, or at bandy,
" Here child, come! take a ſip of brandy:"
If on the road the ſun have tann'd ye,
Why waſh your face with a little brandy:
The road, you ſay, is dry and ſandy,
Rince your mouth with a drop of brandy:
Should you be ſea-ſick, let them land ye,
And take a quart of right French brandy.
You ſeem quite faint, Sir! let me hand ye
A glaſs of madam's beſt French Brandy;
Your ſtomach aches? I underſtand ye,
Here! take this glaſs of right Nantes brandy:
If ſtrain'd your leg, " vi amtalandi,"*
Bathe it with water mix'd with brandy;
Nay, if your eye's ſore, Mrs. Shandy
Thinks nothing better than good brandy.
In ſhort, ſhe thinks you never can die,
If ſeaſon'd well with *right* French brandy.

* By walking too much.

A SIMILAR PRESCRIPTION

IN A

*DIFFERENT VEHICLE.**

YOU'RE crippled with the gout, at forty-eight,
Yet wiſh for health—and aſk for my receipt:
My hale old age to temperance is due,
Which rule for *Health* I'd recommend to you;
E'en luxury, when rightly underſtood,
Is found, if hungry, in the plaineſt food.

* A poor woman, near Bath, having been ordered by the doctor to give her huſband a doſe in a proper vehicle, conſulted the parſon what a vehicle was? He told her a waggon, a cart, or a wheel-barrow. The latter only being in her poſſeſſion, the poor woman lifted her huſband fairly into the wheel-barrow, and jumbled him up and down the ſtony hill; which ſhe ſaid did him more good than all the Doctor's ſtuff.

But,

But, ah! *your* taſte for dainties is increas'd,
You talk with rapture of a City Feaſt;
Of human ills our *faſting* deem the worſt,
And boaſt of eating turtle till you burſt:
You think it death to loſe one ſumptuous treat;
I glory in the haunch I *do not* eat:
Hence I enjoy a head* and conſcience clear,
While you with gout are tortur'd half the year.

* O! utinam!

TO

MY THREE PERUKES.

A CONTRAST,

*Alluding to Mr. A——'s Malus, Perjor, Peſſimus.**

BONUS! my long-tried friend, ſtill faithful found
Tho' ſtorms and tempeſts on my aged head
Have long their fury pour'd, you ſtill ſtick cloſe,
Smile at fierce Boreas, and defy his rage.
Tho' time, and drizzling rains, thy curls relax,

* Non tam ceſtandi cupidus, quam propter amorem quod Te imitari aveo.——LUCRE.

By

By criſping irons reviv'd, they ſcorn to droop,
But raiſe their creſt, and round my temples ſpread,
Give to my wrinkled front the pride of youth.
Grieve not, my friend! you, nor your brethren twain,
Melior, and full-dreſt Optimus! (than whom
Nor Orchard's ſelf, nor gentle Snailom,† e'er
Produced a fairer ſpecimen of art:)
Grieve not, tho' robb'd of the ſuperfluous aid
Of clogging meal, by Providence deſign'd
To feed the poor; for culinary uſe,
For paſte or puddings meet, with plumbs enrich'd,
Concomitant of fam'd roaſt beef; which gives
The Britiſh Soldier his ſuperior force,
To wage awhile unwelcome war, and teach
The ſanguinary Gaul to ſue for Peace.

† Two ingenious Artiſts in Bath.

Mean-

Mean-while the produce of the olive branch
Shall give thy native brown a gloſſy hue,
To vie with Peſſimus; tho' rais'd to fame,
And ſung by A—T—Y in immortal ſtrains.

THE

THE

IMPATIENT LOVER.

A PARODY.

Addreſſed to Mr. and Mrs. GALE,* *at Sydney Gardens.*

IMPROMPTU.

YE gentle GALES! that ſtation'd here,
  Preſide o'er Sydney Groves;
Go, whiſper in my Delia's ear,
  How much her Strephon loves.

Tell her, the Swain her abſence mourns;
  The rolls unbutter'd ſtand;
The coffee waits, till ſhe returns,
  And waves her lilly hand.

In

* Tenants of thoſe beautiful Gardens.

II.

From your King let no traytors your loyalty ſteal;
Nor of *grievances* dream, which no mortal can feel:
No nation on earth has fewer than we,
For while George is our King we are happy and free.
We are happy and free, &c.

III.

Suſpect not your Monarch, without a juſt cauſe,
He ne'er can do wrong, while he rules by the laws;
And what nation on earth has ſuch good laws as we,
And beneath our good King, we're happy and free.
We are happy and free, &c.

IV.

Let Frenchmen by oaths, nor by intereſt bound,
Inſult their poor King, and all orders confound;
But let *us* then beware, while their madneſs we ſee,
And with George for our King—be happy and free.
Be happy and free, &c.

V.

In defence of our laws let all parties unite,
And on Jacobine Frenchmen exert all their ſpite;
Who laugh in their ſleeves, when our follies they ſee,
But in ſpite of their plots, we'll be happy and free.
We'll be happy and free, &c.

VI.

Drink an health to the King then, all good men and true,
Who has naught but old England's true intereſt in view;
Let Frenchmen ſtill prate of their "Liberty Tree;"
Whilſt Britons alone are happy and free.
Are happy and free;
Whilſt Britons alone are happy and free.

THE

TEMPLE OF THE MUSES;

OR,

FINSBURY-SQUARE.

E'RE Turks or Goths and barb'rous nations round,
Had levell'd all her temples with the ground,
From Greece and fam'd Parnaſſus' airy height,
The Muſes had long ſince ſecur'd their flight.
In Latium, then, and Rome's inſpired ſeat,
On Tibur's banks they found a ſafe retreat;
But ſoon diſturb'd by horrid war's alarms;
Their muſic ſilenc'd 'midſt the din of arms;

They croſs'd the Alps, and were receiv'd in
France;
But, ſkill'd in ſong—they had not learn'd to
dance:
And, when in loyal ſtrains they tun'd their
notes,
They fear'd the Jacobins would cut their
throats.

Eſcap'd from thence to Britain they repair,
Sure of a refuge and a welcome there:
For there, they heard, that in this favour'd
land,
Apollo dwell'd—at London, in the Strand;*
But tho' he ſhone in ornament and dreſs,
And all admir'd the ſplendor of the Preſs;
Like the raſh Phæton, Apollo fell,
And prov'd deſtructive to his patron B–ll.

* Where Mr. Bell eſtabliſhed the Apollo Preſs, and printed the Engliſh Poets in an elegant ſtyle, and with beautiful engravings; but gratified the Public at his own expence.

Minerva

Minerva too, they found, had hid her head,
Far, in a ſtreet, that takes its name from Lead;
There fix'd his Preſs, eſcap'd from Turkiſh hovels,
There lives in ſtate, and charms us with his Novels.‡

But ſee! at length, a nobler Genius riſe,
Who all the Muſes' wants at once ſupplies;
Where L-ck-ngt-n has rear'd a ſumptuous dome,
In Finſb'ry-Square they've found a peaceful home.
In L-ck-ngt-n's incalculable pages,
Are hid their treaſures from remoteſt ages:
Law, Phyſic, and Divinity, all find
Each Science in the Muſes' Temple's join'd.
Let Alexandria now no longer boaſt
Her Library, that grac'd th' Egyptian coaſt;

† Athens, ſacred to Minerva, now inhabited by Turks in miſerable hovels; tho' her own temples are ſtill perfect.

‡ Mr. L——e, the generous patron of Novel Writers.

Had Cæſar,* or the Vandals, learn'd to ſpare,
Her fame had been eclips'd in Finſb'ry-
Square.
But, can he dare to emulate the Vatican:
So late the pride of modern Rome? Aye,
that he can.
Oxford and Cambridge muſt reſign the bays,
And ſound fam'd L-ck-ngt-n, thy well-earn'd
praiſe.

* Julius Cæſar accidentally ſet fire to the Alexandrian Library, containing 4000 Volumes.

PART

PART IV.

QUISQUITIÆ.

MISCELLANEOUS.

TRUE POLITENESS.

TO LADY M***H*D.

WHILE thus with beauty, rank, and affluence bleſt,
And ev'ry charm, that in the female breaſt,
Might lofty thoughts and vanity excite,
In lovely M—h—d happily unite;
With native goodneſs, innocence and eaſe;
Her ſole ambition ſeems to be—*to pleaſe.*
Hence, to each humble gueſt her care extends
With *true politeneſs*, treating them as friends.
And, while unconſcious of *ſuperior* claims;
At no *ſuperior* deference ſhe aims;
But, modeſt, meek, and gentle as the dove,
With our profound eſteem ſhe gains our love.

TO

TO

A DISCONSOLATE VIRGIN.

WHY ſighs my Anna? why that air,
Expreſſive of her deep deſpair?
Does ſhe lament ſome much-lov'd friend,
Or, are her conqueſts at an end?
Does ſome un-meaning, flutt'ring beau,
To virtuous love and worth a foe,
Transfer his flatteries from you,
And ſome more blooming nymph purſue.
What, tho' the freſhneſs of the roſe,
In Anna's cheeks no longer glows;
Youth's early tint appears leſs bright;
And e'en an hair or two looks white:
Tho' in her eyes no more is ſeen
The ſparkling luſtre of fifteen;

Yet,

Yet, in thoſe eyes diſplay'd, we find
The milder radiance of the mind.
Serene, yet cheerful, all appears,
As more befits maturer years:
Good-nature, kindneſs, and good ſenſe,
With giggling pertneſs may diſpenſe;
For wit to wiſdom ſhould give place,
And prudence with our years keep pace;
Fops by coquetry may be won,
But wiſe men value ſenſe alone.
When ſuch ſubſtantial charms are thine,
Why ſhould my Anna then repine;
She'll yet, I truſt, become a wife,
And taſte the genuine ſweets of life;
Or, if to ſo much merit blind,
A partner fit, for life, to find
Her wiſh ſhould unſucceſsful prove,
Friendſhip ſhall fill the place of love.

TO

A FINE WOMAN

WITH

A MUSICAL VOICE:

(WHO WAS GENERALLY VEILED.)

WHEN Celia, conſcious of her charms,
Each feature of its power diſarms,
And kindly veils thoſe brilliant eyes,
Where love himſelf inſidious lies;
We think ourſelves from danger free,
And all thoſe other beauties ſee,
Which Celia's charming perſon grace,
Secure, when ſhe conceals her face.
But ah! ye thoughtleſs ſwains! beware,
Nor raſhly thus approach the fair!

For

For when ſhe ſpeaks, her voice, you'll
prove,
Can fire the coldeſt heart with love:
I feel its force, and burn with more
Than youthful ardor at three-ſcore.

TO

MISS CHARLOTTE ——,

(On a Propoſal for ſending her to Bengal.)

To India then, pack'd up for ſale,
Muſt Charlotte, like a common bale
Of goods be ſent? Forbid it, heaven!
Was it for this that form was given?
Thoſe blooming cheeks, thoſe treſſes fair;
That ſweetly bluſhing, modeſt air?
Thoſe native charms, by art improv'd,
Which no one ever ſaw, but lov'd!
Shall all thoſe little loves and graces,
Be ſacrific'd to the embraces
Of ſome proud tyrant; whoſe vile pelf,
To purchaſe lux'ries for himſelf,
From harmleſs Gentoos was extorted?
Shall ſuch fierce plunderers then be courted

By

By youth and beauty? Whoſe ſoft breaſt
With anguiſh bleeds for the diſtreſt;
Who ne'er could read, but tears would flow,
Imaginary tales of woe?
No; let th' Oriental lover,
Some gallantry at leaſt diſcover:
Let him to Britains coaſt repair,
And pay due homage to the fair.
With ſuppliant vows our nymph addreſs,
And woman's ſov'reignty confeſs!
Let Nabobs or let Sultans come,
Erect, with princely ſtate, the dome
With ſplendid robes and gems adorn
The maid whoſe charms outſhine the morn:
They'd then diſplay an honeſt pride,
And Charlotte be an envied bride.

TO

THE HON. MRS. HILL.

To grace our iſle, from fair Ierne's ſhore,
Proud of its charge, th' exulting veſſel bore
The fair Miranda; who, where nymphs are ſeen
In brilliant cluſters, ſhines "th' apparent queen."*
Nor could, of old, the Cretan iſle e'er boaſt
A richer cargo from the Tyrian coaſt;
Tho' Jove himſelf, enamour'd of the maid,
The chaſte Europa thence by ſtealth convey'd.

* Milton's P. L. b. iv.

Tho'

Tho' in full bloom, at gentle Love's command,
To one bleſt youth Miranda gave her hand,
Who now with right excluſive claims her heart,
Yet hopes, to gazing crowds, her ſmiles impart.
That love which empty pride can ne'er procure,
Her unaſſuming merit muſt ſecure.
Poſſeſs'd of all that makes weak woman vain,
She's humble as the nymph that roves the plain;
Unconſcious of her pow'r, ſhe charms all eyes:
But the raſh youth who dares approach her, dies.
Bow then with awe to Virtue's ſtern decree;
Admire, nay love;—but, ah! deſpair, like me.
This humble verſe, fair maid, with *ſmiles* receive,
'Tis all I aſk; 'tis all that you *can* give.

TO MISS ——.

The moſt delicate of her Sex; but ſeduced by Faſhion.

I NEVER was a ſtaunch philoſopher,
Nor could my paſſions ever gloſs over:
Yet, at Diſcretion's ſtern command,
A ſtrong temptation can withſtand:
I can reſiſt the bluſhing peach,
Tho' melting ripe, and in my reach:
The cherry's pulp and ruddy hue,
Without emotion I can view;
The ſwelling cluſters of the vine,
Tho' with reluctance, can reſign.
Yet, ah! I'm neither ſtone nor wood,
But feel myſelf frail fleſh and blood:
Veil then that lovely neck, fair Maid!
Too lovely, to be thus diſplay'd!

That

That bed of lilies, ting'd with roſes!
Where Love himſelf in ſtate repoſes:
Be it from vulgar eyes withdrawn,
Conceal'd in triple folds of lawn!
A ſight, reſerv'd for him alone,
Who ſoon ſhall claim thee for his own:
Eager to rifle all thoſe charms,
Secur'd by Hymen to his arms.

TO

MISS SUSANNA H-R——N.

DUE to thy merits, lovely Maid!
Let conſcious pride thy talents aid;
Nor bluſh to ſee thyſelf careſs'd,
While warbling from thy ſnowy breaſt,
Sweet Melody, who there reſides,
Each melting note, each accent guides.
Muſick's congenial to thy name,
Thy long, hereditary claim;
Whoſe anceſtors our annals grace,
All patrons of the tuneful race;
Skilful themſelves to wake the lyre,
And make the liſt'ning throng admire:
Yet all their tuneful pow'rs we ſee
United, lovely Maid! in thee.

ON A LATE DECREE FOR

THE EXCLUSION OF ARTITS

FROM

THE ROOMS AT BATH.

YE luckleſs wights! that grace the Muſes' train,
Admir'd, applauded—but, alas! in vain:
Unrivall'd adepts in the finer arts!
Conceal your talents, nor diſplay your parts!
In *Muſick*, or in *Speaking*, ſhould you ſhine;
Excel in Mara's or in Siddons' line;
Come not to Bath—you'll find yourſelves degraded,
As if in mops or matches you had traded.

An haberdaſher ſtruts beſide a Peer,
While you are told—" you have no buſineſs here."
Handel, indeed, and Garrick, erſt intruded,
But now, alas! they'd find themſelves excluded.
A ſong in private you're allow'd to ſing—
To charm the public is a ſervile thing.
Then let not thoſe, by whom your perſon's ſlighted,
By your celeſtial ſtrains be e'er delighted.

TO

TO DR. H–R–NGT–N,

On his Glee, " ***Rex, Lex, et Pontifex.***"

PRIEST of the Muſes! lo, the ſacred Nine
To you the LAWS of Harmony conſign;
Thoſe Laws you *execute* with ſkilful hand—
The KING, the ſov'reign of the tuneful band;
Inſpir'd by them, your magick pow'r controul
Each rude, each tender paſſion of the ſoul;
Or love, or hope, or pity you excite;
Subdue the fierce, or make the coward fight;

* Muſarum Sacerdos.——Hor.

The

The tedious hours of ſolitude beguile,
Wake ſocial mirth, and bid the wretched
ſmile.
Your praiſe let then each lovely minſtrel
ſing,
Revere their Prieſt, their Laws, and much-
lov'd King.

INSCRIP-

INSCRIPTION

ON THE

FRIZE OF THE PUMP-ROOM AT BATH.

ΆΡΙΣΤΟΝ ΜΕΝ ΥΔΩΡ.*

" WATER *is beſt*;" thus ſung the bard of old;
That " *Wine is beſt*," by modern bards we're told:
For ſure no mortal, layman or divine,
Would e'er drink water when he could have wine.
But, if exceſs your health have once impair'd,
The Bard thought *Wine* perhaps might well be ſpar'd,

* The firſt line of Pindar, who is ſuppoſed to allude to the opinion of Thales, who held that Water was the firſt principle of all things.

And

And "Water then is beſt;" yet if you're
wiſe,
You'll drink no water but what Bath ſupplies.
Theſe healing draughts will mitigate your
pain,
And *Water* make you reliſh *Wine* again;
Of ſober Reaſon bring them to the teſt;
You'll own at leaſt Our Water is the *beſt*.

ON

ON

CROMWELL's PICTURE.

Sent at her Requeſt, to Chriſtina Queen of Sweden.

BELLIPOLENS Virgo! Septem Regina trionura,
Chriſtina! Arctoi lucida ſtella poli!
Cernis quas menirdurâ ſub Caſſide rugas:
Ulq ſenex armis impiger ora gero.
Invìa fatorum dum per veſtigia nitor;
Exequor et populi fortia juſſa manu;
Aſt tibi ſubmittit frontem reverentior Umbra:
Nec ſunt hi vultus Regibus uſq trucer.

* Suppoſed to be written by Milton, Cromwell's Latin ſecretary, though printed in Andrew Marvel's poſthumous works.

N. B. Livy uſes Rex for a King or Queen, indiſcriminately.

ATTEMPTED

IV.

Oh! let me hear my Hero's voice,
Secure from war's alarms;
Then for our triumphs I'll rejoice,
When safe in Strephon's arms.

THE AVIARY;

OR,

THE MERRY CAPTIVES.

TO MRS. P—NE.

"THE Rights of Man," tho' Women now
demand,
And *Liberty*'s re-echo'd thro' the land;
Tho' ſlight reſtraints are deſpotiſm eſteem'd,
And ſavages alone are ſages deem'd;
Yet ſurely, to ſubmit to equal laws,
Can hardly injure ſacred freedom's cauſe:
Nay, thoſe alone true happineſs can find,
Who to wiſe laws their freedom have re-
ſign'd.

Tho' nature o'er this fertile valley reigns,
And birds on ev'ry ſpray pour forth their ſtrains;
Inclos'd in this reticulated cell,
A joyous choir of feather'd ſongſters dwell,
The wood-lark, linnet, nightingale and thruſh,
Who wont, at large, to chaunt on ev'ry buſh;
Yet here, to narrower limits tho' confin'd,
(With luxuries ſupply'd of ev'ry kind,)
Within the bounds preſcrib'd, they freely rove,
And tune their throats as in their native grove.
Here birds of rank their converſation ſhare,
Nor dread the cat's rude graſp, or fowler's ſnare:
In ſocial joys they paſs their bliſsful hours,
Yet all have ſeparate cells or ſecret bow'rs:
There weave their moſſy neſts—and boldly there
From ſchool-boys ſafe, their callow offspring rear:

Here

Here mimic ſtreams from porcelain vaſes
flow;
While, round the lattice, pinks and roſes
blow:
Thus duly fed, without *their* toil, they live,
Secure of all the bleſſings life can give.
Protected thus, a tax indeed they pay,
But tis an eaſy tax, you'll ſurely ſay,
If *tax* we needs muſt call, a trifling ſong,
Which they diſcharge, with pleaſure, all day
long;
At night, ſweet Philomel, here ſafe from
ſtorms,
With thrilling notes the pleaſing taſk per-
forms,
With gratitude, each does the beſt he can
To entertain his bounteous ſov'reign, Man.
Thus, in their *inſulated* ſtate content,
No want of *liberty* theſe birds lament.
Yet, with feign'd pity for their ſad condi-
tion,
(By hunger prompted, or by fell ambition,)

Perch'd on an oak, a patriotic kite,
Bids them their ſeveral ſlender powers unite;
" *Riſe in a maſs*," their *energies* employ,
Their ſlaviſh fetters, inſtantly deſtroy;
Aſſert their native *rights*; and ſhould reſiſtance
Be found too ſtrong, he promiſes aſſiſtance.
With claws and beak to burſt their flimſy cords,
And vengeance wreak on their tyrannic lords.
" What! ſhall the groveling reptile man, they dare
" Enſlave the wing'd inhabitants of air?
" Refuſe the common-wealth of birds their due?
" *Angels* are drawn with wings *to look like you.*"
The eagle, veſted with a conſul's power,
Th' indignity ſurvevs from yonder tower:
" Rouſe! then, my fellow-citizens, I ſay;
" Aſſert your natural rights and tour away!"

But

But now the kite an injur'd farmer ſaw;
Whoſe poultry oft' had cramm'd his rav'-
nous maw,
Levell'd his gun—and took his aim ſo well;
Dead at his feet the vaunting hero fell.

FEMALE ATTRACTIONS.

WHEN Faſhion thus o'er genuine Taſte prevails,
And Beauty in her ſtrongeſt fort aſſails;
When tempted by an injudicious pride
To lay the ſoftneſs of their ſex aſide,
If S——r, clad in *maſculine* attire,
Could frozen age with tender thoughts inſpire;
Who, without tranſport, can behold that face,
When *femaliz'd* by gauze and Bruſſels lace:
Adorn'd with all which the Coſmetic art,
Has e'er devis'd to captivate the heart:
Her charms thus deck'd muſt ſtill more brilliant ſhine;
Before a mortal ſhe is now divine!

Stoics

Stoics themſelves, whoſe hearts are cas'd with
ſteel,
'Spite of their ſyſtem muſt ſoft *paſſion* feel:
Converts to truth, with pleaſure muſt confeſs,
Virtue's moſt lovely in a female dreſs.

THE

SENSITIVE PLANT.

TO MISS FANNY E——.

WHILE crowds of flaunting fluttering laſſes,
Seduc'd by flattering looking-glaſſes,
To ſport a fancied handſome face,
Obtruſive haunt each publick place;
Here practiſe their coquetiſh arts,
Secure of winning worthleſs hearts;
And, of their tranſient conqueſts proud,
Are follow'd by a thoughtleſs crowd:
The lovely Fanny not leſs fair,,
Shrinks from the coxcomb's ſaucy ſtare;
Thus from the touch (unknown the cauſe)
Th' half-animated plant withdraws:

Un-

Unconſcious of *her* power to pleaſe,
She unconcern'd their triumph ſees:
Yet thus retiring from their view,
Attracts the more diſcerning few;
Who, thro' this meek and humble ſpirit,
Diſcover her ſuperior merit;
Charm'd with her bluſhes, nor content
With vain, unmeaning compliment,
Conceive a durable regard;
Of modeſt worth the juſt reward!
Thus Fanny ſcorning childiſh airs,
Secures a lover unawares:
While each deſigning, forward dame,
Infallibly defeats her aim;
For, who'd be anxious to obtain,
What every ſop that will, may gain?

DINE WITH THE DOCTOR.*

To F—hſ—d *oft'*, in friendly ſort invited,
I thought ſuch kindneſs was not—to be
ſlighted;
I went at length, in one-horſe *whiſky*† toſs'd,
And found, alas! what pleaſure I had loſt.
Without! the ſcene muſt charm each man of
taſte;
Within! the greateſt epicure might feaſt.
Yet one's but an *imaginay*‡ good;
The other, wholeſome, plain, ſubſtantial
food:

* Somnus pomindianus in ſellâ Cubitali.

† Vehiculi genus.

‡ The charming proſpect.

To

The one's whip-fillybub, or currant jelly;
The other, ham and fowls, will fill your belly.
On *one* alone to feed, you would be loth;
Dine with the Doctor then, you'll have them both.

W-DC-MB-HOUSE.

TO MRS. H-DG-S.

WHAT ſecret charm, my friend, pervades,
And gilds your W—dc—b's peaceful ſhades;
Why does my heart with joy expand,
When you preſent your friendly hand?
Is it the garden's vernal pride,
Where roſes bloom on every ſide?
Is it the muſic of the birds;
Or on your lawn the grazing herds?
Where, guſhing 'midſt the laurels green,
The Naiæds animate the ſcene:
The gothic turret*—waving woods,
Reflected from the chryſtal floods?

* W—dc—b tower.

The

The abbey, view'd where'er we rove,
In ſweet perſpective thro' the grove:
Or penſive on the ruſtic ſeat,
Beneath yon group of elms, retreat.
Why then with you are we ſo bleſt?
Aſk your own hoſpitable breaſt.
The cordial welcome, grac'd with ſmiles,
Our raptur'd fancy here beguiles;
While eaſe and harmony* unite
Each anxious thought is put to flight;
We feel beneath your friendly dome,
More happy than—we are at home.
And this, I truſt, you will conſent,
From *me*'s† no vulgar compliment.

* In which ſhe excels.

† Who ſeldom dine abroad.

A RE-

A REMARKABLE PHÆNOMENON.

On ſeeing the Ducheſs of D——e's Children, on Claverton Down, 1788.

IMPROMPTU.

Is it then true! that I have ſeen
Theſe Miniatures of Beauty's Queen?
Theſe ſiſters of the God of Love?
Or rather cherubs from above?
The offspring of a beauteous mother;
And only equall'd by each other.
I! that have ſeen their Lords and Graces;
Their grand-ſire, and their grand-dame's faces;
I, that have din'd, (pray no offence ſir,)
With the fair Dowager, Lady Spencer;

E'er

E'er yet ſhe had learn'd to roll her eyes,*
And made her worthy Lord her prize.
Have ſeen their grand-ſire at my houſe,†
Where ſtill I dwell, a country-mouſe:
Nay, who have din'd, and ſmok'd a pipe;
Eat pines and peaches melting ripe,
With their *great* grandfather at Chatſworth:‡
A place worth more than my beſt hat's worth,
Tho' fill'd with caſh of pureſt gold;
Ten thouſand guineas ten-times told.
A fig then for your Pytian Sage,§
Who only liv'd to the *third* age;
When I already have ſeen four,
And may, pleaſe heav'n, ſee yet one more;
When time theſe infant beauties arms,
With ſomething like their mother's charms;

* Before ſhe was in her teens, 1746.

† From Prior Park.

‡ On a publick day, 1743, on my ſcrupling to take a pipe, his Grace obſerved, They were good times, when the Clergy ſmoked tobacco.

§ Neſtor.

To

To form another generation—*
Tho' longer life has ſmall temptation,
When age but languidly enjoys
The faireſt of life's gilded toys:
And when can I ſee better days?
More charms than C-v-ndiſh diſplays?
But, to whatever heav'n thinks fit,
'Tis man's, with patience, to ſubmit:
And may each day, while life ſhall laſt,
Correct the follies of the paſt!

* This is now come to paſs, 1801.

MAR.

MARTIAL, Ep. 74. B. x.

IMITATED.

" Jam parce, Roma, gratulatori
" Laſſo, &c.

SPARE me! my lord, I beg you will;
Of Levees I have had my fill:
Too old; I've nothing now to aſk;
Pray ſpare me then the painful taſk
Of waiting 'midſt your lac'd attendants,
And crowds of ravenous dependants,*
Who, anxious to obey your call,
Stand *ſhivering* in your marble hall,
For, 'ſpite of your ſuperb brazier,
'Tis plaguy cold this time of th' year.†

* Ante ambulones & togatulos.
† Centum plumbeos. Sort of leaden Tickets.

Yet after all, might I, Sir, mention
What I have gain'd by my attention:
I've toil'd for *lead*,* like Corniſh miners,
While Aſtley hoards his ſacks of ſhiners.

My trifling works want no reward,
Nor do they *merit your* regard.
I wiſh not to procure monopolies
Of Livings near our grand Metropolis:
Tho' *promiſes* are not *realities*,
I want no Præbends or Pluralities;
Nor to look down, with proud delight,
From royal Windſor's envied height.
"What then, good ſir, is your requeſt?"†
To *ſleep*, my lord, and be at reſt.

* Ferventis Auri ſuccos.

† Quid concupiſcam, quæris ergo: Dormire.

PASTORAL ADVICE

OF

A COUNTRY DIVINE,

TO THE

GRANDEES OF HIS FLOCK.

Sermoni propiora.——Hor.

While cold reſerve, or ſhy, unfriendly mien,
Amidſt the neareſt neighbours here is ſeen;
Where equal worth and wealth and ſenſe abound,
Why is not peace among theſe bleſſings found?
Or why to me, a puny ght! alone,
Is this unmerited attention ſhown?

Whether to P—g—t's laureate ſhades I go,
Who ſtill prefer domeſtic bliſs to ſhow;
Or thro' primæval oaks, whoſe branches meet,
I'm led to Kn–b–l's hoſpitable ſeat;
Or pleas'd, to J–ll–ff's ſumptuous dome aſcend;
In each I'm treated as a welcome friend;
In each, 'midſt wealth and ſplendor, void of pride,
Good-will and hoſpitality reſide.
Why then ſhould fruitleſs enmity remain?
Where each would laugh his injuries to explain.
Oh! had I powers! with what ſincere delight,
Would I each worthy family unite!
Teach them what pleaſure the moſt frugal board
Muſt, when with mutual kindneſs deck'd, afford!

But,

But, ah! while "*trifles light as air*," prolong
Each vague ſuſpicion and each fancied wrong;
Time ſteals away—and ſoon approaching age,
And gloomy cares will every thought engage;
Nay, Death, perhaps unſeen, e'en now, alas!
Lurks in the ſavory diſh or ſocial glaſs.
Seek then, my friends, each hoſtile thought ſuppreſt,
That heartfelt bliſs, within your peaceful breaſt,
Which, while in fruitleſs enmity you live,
Nor ſplendid domes—nor wealth nor health can give:
Be peace reſtor'd then, diſcord at an end;
Be each to each, and—to *himſelf* a friend.

THE

INNOCENCE OF INFANCY.*

"Of ſuch is the kingdom of heaven."

By ancient Bards, thro' ages paſt foretold,
Their Great Meſſiah now the Jews behold;
From Jordan's ſtreams, the Saviour of mankind,
Went up† to heal the dumb, the deaf, the blind:
Amaz'd, they ſaw, at his all-powerful word,
The ſick to health, the dead to life reſtor'd.

* Though the following lines were written for a particular purpoſe, the Author hopes, that if he has any Readers, they may not be diſpleaſed with the ſubject.

† After he had been baptiſed there by John.

Th'

Th' unbiaſs'd multitude with rapture own,
Such miracles could come from God alone;
For never works like theſe were ſeen before:
And now, his healing virtue to implore,
The regions round his power divine confeſs,
And bring their children to his arms to bleſs.
But lo! with jealous eyes his followers view,
And from his preſence thruſt the ſuppliant crew:
As th' unfee'd ſervants, who attend the great,
With haughtineſs their humble ſuitors treat.
For, yet unlighten'd, they with projects vain,
In worldly ſplendor hop'd with him to reign.
But with divine benignity, our Lord
Their inſolence and ſelfiſh views abhorr'd;
"Was much diſpleas'd," and iſſued his commands,
To bring the meaneſt infants to his hands;
"To *ſuch* (He ſaid) the privilege is given,
"To form the bleſt ſociety of heaven."

And

And none but *such* in innocence and love,
Shall join the angels in the realms above.
Tho' "wise as serpents," it will naught
avail,
If in the "harmleſſneſs of doves" you fail.
Eternal bliſs, ye wiſe and learned know!
On babe-like ſouls alone will GOD beſtow-

Mark xv. 23.

IN MEMORY OF

WILLIAM L–NG, ESQ.

OF STRETTON, SOMERSETSHIRE.

By whoſe death at Fourteen, the Family, in the Male Line became extinct.

His dawning years with native talents bleſt,
To raiſe ſweet tranſports in his parent's breaſt;
The poliſh'd youth they ſaw, with raptur'd eyes,
Like this fair emblematic *column** riſe;

* The device on the tomb, a marble column, broken off in the middle.

Adorn'd

And none b[illegible] might grace,
Shall join [illegible]urs of his race.
Tho' [illegible] flattering viſion's

If [illegible]'s height the youth was
E

[illegible]e pleaſing proſpect they en-

[illegible]'s fell ſtroke the fabric was de-
[illegible]oy'd.
[illegible] cropp'd, this Lilly wither'd in its
bloom;
Their name, their hopes, extinguiſh'd in the
Tomb.

A MONU-

A MONUMENTAL INSCRIPTION.

Intended *for a reſpectable Family in the Vicinity of Briſtol.*

UNKNOWN to fame, an happier lot they knew;
Belov'd and reverenc'd by the virtuous few:
Domeſtic bliſs their wiſh's utmoſt bound,
Where all the genuine ſweets of life are found:
Amidſt their offspring, bleſt with mutual love,
They liv'd in hopes of perfect bliſs above:
There all the good and pious ſouls ſhall meet,
Their ſorrows ended, and their joys complete.
You! who theſe lines peruſe with crit'c eye,
By their's correct *your* lives—and learn to die.

RESIG-

RESIGNATION.

I.

Now, deck'd in all the pride of May,
Behold the vernal hours advance!
While hand in hand, in circles gay,
The ſmiling Loves and Graces dance.

II.

The ſprightly ſwains and virgins blooming,
With joy ſalute th' approaching ſpring;
While opening flow'rs the air perfuming,
The birds their warbling carols ſing.

III.

But ah! in vain the opening flowers,
Now breathe my ſpirits to reſtore:
Since, with my youth, my happier hours
Are vaniſh'd to return no more.

IV.

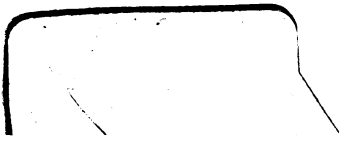
No more for me the roſes bloom,
Larks ſoaring pour their matin ſong,
Or Tuberon ſheds its rich perfume,
Or Nightingales their notes prolong.

V.

Ah! where are now thoſe fleeting joys,
Which fancy painted in my mind?
All faded, like the varniſh'd toys,
Which, with my childhood I reſign'd.

VI.

By cold neglect or death of friends,
With ſpleen or ſorrow thus oppreſt,
A ſwarm of foes that age attends,
Now reign deſpotic in my breaſt.

VII.

E'en Laura's ſmiles, that wont to charm me,
Now fainter joys, alas! ſupply,
Than do the ſun's mild rays that warm me,
When gleaming from the azure ſky.